GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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Err, fail, sin, but be just.—*Victor Hugo.*

Love is our highest word and synonym of God.—*R. W. Emerson.*

Variety,—that divine gift which makes a woman charming.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay little, the price will fall.—*Bacon.*

True life knows the secret of life everywhere, and responds to it, in fact, as one musical chord does to another.

Life is a vast sea that does its mighty errand without fail, panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.—*Geo. Eliot.*

The superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything, or against anything; what is right he will follow.—*Confucius.*

Whoever tries to comprehend the infinite while here, seeks to crowd the business of eternity into the space of a few brief years.—*Dr. Peet.*

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of Resurrection.

Every day is a short life; our whole life is but a succession of days; he therefore who loses a day, loses a part of his life that can never be re-called or re-employed.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a greater stock of religious merit, than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.—*Zoroaster.*

The body is but the clog and prisoner of the mind, tossed up and down, and persecuted with punishments, violences and diseases; but the mind itself is sacred and eternal.—*Seneca.*

The power and majesty of the nature of things fail to receive credit at all times, if one merely looks at its parts and do not embrace the vast whole in our conceptions.—*Pliny the Elder.*

How strangely our passions govern us! We envy a man for being rich, and then perfectly hate him. But if we come to be his equals, we are calm, and the least condescension of his makes us friends.—*Mandeville.*

An undisciplined man expects no advantage and apprehends no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him; whereas the philosopher looks only inward and apprehends no good or evil but from himself, alone.—*Epictetus.*

Some men have the spirit of music in their brains. If they sit still and think, their thoughts seem to dissolve into soundless music. Such men become great composers; but they are few. You could almost count them upon your fingers.—*W. S. Newell.*

An individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if in the wreck and ruin of his fortune the character of the man remain unblemished. That force is elastic, and with the help of resolution will raise him again out of any depth of calamity.—*Sir Philip Francis.*

COSMIC PHILOSOPHY.

[Read before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, August 2, 1885, by John Allyn.]

We invite your attention to a consideration of the foundation principles upon which the universe, or that portion of which we inhabit, is explained by the various systems of religion, philosophy and science.

For convenience and more exact consideration of this great subject we will divide it into three systems:

The Christian.
The Materialistic.
The Spiritualistic.

The Christian system supposes that the world we inhabit was spoken into existence by the fiat of the Creator, some six thousand years ago; that man is animated by a spirit which is immortal; that at the death of the body the spirit goes to the realm of souls to enjoy endless happiness, or suffer endless misery, according as they have accepted or rejected the proffered terms of salvation.

The Materialistic system supposes that the world has been brought to its present form and conditions by the fortuitous concurrences of atoms, each acting as it is acted upon by the various attractive and repulsive forces inherent in matter in its various forms and conditions. That mind, affection and soul are the outcome of molecular changes in the brain, as fragrance proceeds from the flowers that beautify the face of the earth. There may be materialists who are not also atheists, but if they carry out their system logically they are very sure to become such.

The Spiritual system teaches that the world is controlled and animated by an intellectual power which acts according to law, is invisible and impalpable to our senses; that man is animated by a spirit which grows with the body, mainly dominates it and is inherently endowed with immortality; that at the death of the body the spirit passes out with its powers unimpaired, probably increased, to live continuously though invisible to our senses.

We will now consider more in detail the Christian theology.

Christian theology teaches that a personal God existed as a spirit for countless ages, even from eternity; that He created—not by the slow growth of evolution, but by the fiat of His supreme will, the visible heaven and earth. The earth was at first without form and void of symmetry, when His spirit moved and the light was created. This was the first day. On the second day He divided the waters and made the firmament. On the third day obedient to His command the earth brought forth herbs, grass and trees to bear fruit and be perpetuated after their kind by their own seed. On the fourth day He created two great lights, the greater to rule the day, the lesser to rule the night, and He made the stars also. On the fifth He created the fishes of the sea, from minnows to whales. On the sixth He created the various animals, to people the dry land, crowning His work by making man in His own image; male and female created He them. He pronounced this work good, and theologians have pronounced His character absolutely good and perfect, but immediately while the first unsophisticated pair were innocently enjoying this earthly paradise—He, for reasons which have not been fully explained—took in a partner who was wholly evil. As often happens with unscrupulous partners He got the better of this good senior partner who had received him into his confidence. Man for whom it seems the world was created yielded to the wiles of this evil partner, and as his posterity spread over the face of the earth, became corrupt, and the thoughts of his heart were like the tempter who had been let loose upon him,—wholly evil. The paternal Creator took the most effectual method of ridding the fair face of the earth of his presence, only saving by a floating arch, one family to re-people the earth.

But man became so depraved that it was impossible to redeem and save him by any ordinary method. The Creator was obliged to allow his Son to be incarnated, live a life of purity, and suffer a painful and ignominious death to render reconciliation possible.

It seems that up to this time in the world's history but a small fraction—not to exceed one-twentieth of the earth's inhabitants have been reached by this "plan of salvation," and have been reconciled to their Creator, so as at death to enter a heaven of perfect rest and happiness, to sing pæans of praise to God forever; while the other nineteen-twentieths are gathered in by the evil partner, to wail forever in hopeless misery and despair.

To this lame and impotent conclusion has this theology come at last. This is no caricature. It is a brief, but plain statement of Christian Cosmology and Theology. Is it to be wondered at that young men of talent are chary about enlisting in the work of saving souls under such a system, and fighting sin under such a banner? If this system is approximately true the world is a hopeless, a terrible failure. The whole human race should wear mourning, and never more indulge in the pleasures of hope.

SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

The great work of the nineteenth century, of which science is justly proud, is the establishment of the doctrine of evolution. But in this doubt and seeming improbability have so often given way to certainty that of all men the scientist should be cautious as to what may, or may not be demonstrated in the future.

Let us go back to the time when the matter composing our solar system existed in a diffused, nerveless condition. Science might indicate that it would be aggregated into globular masses of molten matter by the forces of attraction—but to the scientific mind what indication of life could there be in the swirl of the fire mist? No dream of metempsychosis is so wild as this. While this fiery mass rolled on its pathway, as it did for ages around the sun, could our modern masters of science, Huxley, Tyndall, or Spencer have gained a hint that that seething globe would be peopled with living forms? If they detected the law of progress was it by listening to the elements or the working of mind?

To such it would be a surprise when anything of the kind took place. But gradually from age to age the surplus heat was radiated into space—a crust was formed of solid rock—this was ground down by the elements, a soil was formed, and lo! the green fields appeared. The humble moss in varieties of increasing beauty and vigor, so that no one unless he were an expert botanist, could tell where the moss, ceased and the fern began. So likewise that increased so that no one, unless also an expert botanist could tell where the fern ceased and the palm began. The palm continued to increase as climate and soil favored it, until it threw its beautiful stem almost to the clouds of the sky, and its beautiful fronds afforded a grateful shade to feathered songsters.

So also when vegetable life had clothed the fields with a carpet of green, there was nothing to indicate to the scientific mind that animal life would ever exist. When, oh scientist, came the beginning? So greatly have been scientists perplexed by this problem, that Sir Wm. Thomson, Fellow of the Royal Society, gravely put forth the theory that the germs of living organisms might have been brought to earth by the fragments of an exploded globe; but how they got on that globe he never condescended to tell us.

When the lower animals appeared, what was there to indicate to the material scientist the appearance of the cultivated man, with all his varied hopes, ambitions and various intellectual powers?

A great master of poetic description has said: "A combination and a form indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a MAN. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

And we are told that he is developed up from dead matter by the changes in the juxtaposition of infinitesimal particles, and his intellect explained by molecular changes in the gray matter of the brain. And to this lame and impotent conclusion have they also come at last.

In every one of the stages of progressive development there has been a series of surprises. Would it then be contrary to the order and analogy of nature thus far recognized, that what appears absurd to materialistic eyes should prove true,—that upon the very surface of this planet there should be intellectual beings invisible to our eyes, impalpable to our senses, who had their nurture in human bodies, and passed out at dissolution?

We might ask the materialist whether life is a boon worth the trouble incident to living? He would probably answer: "It is a necessity, and each individual who becomes tired of life and unwilling to endure it to its natural limit, can, at his own option terminate the life forced upon him, by his own act and sink back to extinction."

And this is all they have to offer us—a world of disappointment, troubles, misery and despair. A world where man is doomed to struggle through years of toil and privation, and if he at last grasps the goal of his ambition, like dead sea apples it turns to ashes beneath his lips.

I will now quote an eloquent passage from a writer who does not claim to gain any light from Spiritualism:

"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness, else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows shall stay in our presence forever."

This is beautiful language, but it is poetry, not argument. The analogy of much in nature is against it. The egg, after due incubation, takes to itself wings and flies away. The chrysalis, in the course of natural development, becomes a butterfly, but you crush the egg or the chrysalis beneath your heel and life is extinct—nothing remains but unorganized matter. This despairing view seemed to take hold of the mind of the writer of a celebrated drama three thousand years ago. He says: "If a tree is cut down there is hope that it will sprout up again. The tender shoot may put forth leaves and the root penetrate the soil, but a man dies, and where is he?" To the physical senses, to the deductions of reason and science nothing remains.

A scientific writer upon this subject says: "If you look back along the track of evolution, the elements can tell you nothing, but by mind you detect the law of progress which is a ground of expectation. The appearance silences you; the hint leads you on, and you become perhaps, a very credulous and unscientific believer, confronted by entirely scientific facts to the contrary. If one is sceptical of the reality of the spiritual world on scientific grounds, or on the score of simple improbability, the best practical advice that can be given is to transport himself back to geologic or cosmic ages and then attempt to use a positive philosophy to find what shall, or shall not be, on the ground of appearances. A development of life from nebulous fire is a fact so immensely improbable that mind cannot be conceived of as accepting it. Take later contrasts; the headless mollusk glued to a rock in a world of water, and an antlered deer in a world of verdure, or the huge monster of the prime and thinking man. There are gulfs across which cotemporaneous imagination cannot leap, but looking back we see that they have been crossed, and by a process of orderly development. We see the process and energy by which it has been wrought, but know nothing of the source of that energy until we postulate it. But shut off at every stage of the process by its improbability, and only able to accept it as we look back, and even then with an essential unknown factor at work, what right have we, with so confounding a history behind us, to cut it short and class it up with a doubt on the ground of improbability? Are we not rather taught to look for other wonders?

"Take your stand at any stage of evolution and the next stage is no stranger, no more to be anticipated it is no broader leap than that from death to future life."

Alexander Winchell says: "The course of nature is tending towards an end. The final aggregation will be a stage of total equilibrium and stagnation of all forces of matter. No heat, no light, no motion, no llfe, no change—but the eternal death of a cosmical organism.

"Yonder sun is slowly waning, and the very earth is slowly plodding through the mist of ether, and we can foresee the time when, with all her energies wasted, the fires of her youth extinguished, her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves, or hurrying toward them, she herself shall plunge again into the bosom of her parent sun, whence unnumbered ages since she whirled forth with all the gaiety of a youthful bride. Then, no more sun, no more planet, no more satellite, no more comet, or meteorite, or zodiacal luminosity, but winter, and the silence of death, and the darkness of nature's midnight—a solitary grave upon a distant plain in the midst of the howling desolations of an arctic winter.

"The two last men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of, perhaps, a hundred thousand corpses. These two men will gaze into each others faces, wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing, speech will have deserted them, silently gazing each other into eternity, more dead than living, one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race."

Grand, sublimely ridiculous! Add the materialistic conception that there is no future spiritual life and you have a picture of desolation and horror which can scarcely be exceeded in imagination.

COSMOGONY OF SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism shows us that the human spirit is superior to the physical system under the best conditions, dominates it, and, under all conditions, survives it.

By analogy it favors the cosmic idea that the physical universe was preceded and is dominated by intellectual life before which it bows reverently, but does not claim to comprehend or define it, or understand its mode of existence or ulterior motives. It recognizes it as an infinite energy, having no beginning and no end, alike infinite in time and boundless in space. It does not assume to teach in dogmatic formula the character of this energy; it says to every human being, be receptive to the higher influences, comprehend as much as your faculties permit of this divine energy, but in the dim religious light of ancient religion, of the material partial glow of modern science, or even the greater effulgence of modern Spiritualism, it regards it little better than a crime for any human being to claim to be the authorized prophet of this Supreme Energy, to teach his fellows in definite formula its character, purposes, or intentions in regard to any portion of humanity.

While fully alive to the value of light which may be gained in regard to universal being throughout the universe, by contemplation or being *en rapport* with exalted spirit intelligences; yet where complete knowledge cannot be gained, and approximate knowledge cannot be verified, Spiritualism holds that each mind must be left free, and no one should say what God is or what he desires, or who is his prophet, any further than is revealed by fact and history.

But all facts and all true history show that evolution and progressive development constitute the key that can alone unlock the golden portals of knowledge; that they constitute a law which, if followed up, will unravel the tangled skein of apparent mystery in material and spirit existences. Bear in mind that mystery does not inhere in the nature of things, but is a con-

dition of our partially developed and limited faculty.

Let the mind go back, back, back, and add wings to its imagination, it can conceive of no point in past material development which was not also a link in the endless chain of causation, which was not alike an effect of that which preceded it, and a cause of that which followed.

Talk about a missing link! There must be a missing link in that man's logic and mental furniture who cannot span the chasm that is lost by the attrition of time, or is yet undiscovered by the investigator.

Spiritualism teaches that in this apparent chaotic shore of time human souls are initiated into conscious existence, and trained as in a primary school for a larger existence in the world beyond; and if the breakers, as they surge and roll upon the beach, throw up debris and useless pebbles, as well as beautiful gems and pearls, it only corresponds with what we everywhere see—wheat and tares, noxious weeds and beautiful flowers clash in the continuous struggle for existence.

MOSAIC COSMOLOGY.

The Mosaic Cosmogony is a muddle, containing no element of light except that boundless intellectual life and energy preceded the material globes we now inhabit. But making of this energy an anthropological personality, making Moses his mouthpiece, and standing outside of matter, speaking the globes of space into form in six days, is so contrary to facts that it has for three thousand years been an obstructive force which science has only been able to confront successfully during the present century.

Religious revelation has never given to the world even the correct structure of our solar system. On the contrary the turgid muddle, put forth and backed by the authority of the church, elaborated in a barbarous and unscientific age, has thrown a baleful shadow across the pathway of scientific minds, who would gladly have essayed to solve the problem. The ancient Greek and Roman philosophers knew nothing of its structure although they had fore-gleams thereof. The Pythagoreans believed the earth was the center, but did not prove it by diagrams and mathematics.

At length at the dawn of modern science, soon after Columbus discovered the new world, Nicholas Corpernicus, during a period of a quarter of a century, wrought out of the chaotic elements of previous investigators and his own observations the beautiful structure of our solar system. It was formulated and illustrated with such mathematical exactness that it has commanded the assent and admiration of scientists down to the present time; but knowing the hostile attitude of the all-powerful church to the advance of science he delayed its publication.

At length feeling the palsying hand of old age heavy upon him, he consented that a friend should attend to its publication; and on the day of his death a printed copy was put into his hand. Happiness lighted his eye, and a smile of satisfaction played over his wan features as his great spirit passed out to realms, where, it is hoped, religious intolerance can no longer obstruct his studies in progressive science.

The discovery that the earth is comparatively an insignificant body, being only one of seven planets that revolve about the sun, and that the myriad stars are centers of light and life to other worlds, excited a suspicion of that scheme of salvation in which God sacrificed his only Son to save humanity. It would seem that among the countless myriads of other worlds some must be inhabited by human beings. Was there no sin on these; or was a son of God sacrificed on each human-bearing planet?

If the origin of this system was bad the outcome is worse, as it cannot save from hopeless misery but a mere fragment of humanity. I know what the Universalists said of Sheol forty years ago and what the late translators of the New Testament have said. But to this I say of what use is a revelation which takes its learned interpreters eighteen hundred years to find its meaning in so important a matter as the ultimate destiny of mankind?

Spiritual seers taught the doctrine of progressive evolution at least twelve years before Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published. But the great materialistic scientists are entitled to the credit of working out this problem in the physical sciences and thus building one segment of the arch of universal truth, but without the other segment or the keystone to bind the structure together. In thus proving and illustrating the evolution system it has done more to advance a knowledge of nature, in the last half century, than had been done before through the ages. But materialism has never spanned the chasm that separates life from dead matter, although conscious that that chasm is constantly being passed.

Materialists claim that mental action is produced by molecular changes in the gray matter of the brain. This postulate can be disproved any hour in the day by spirit-writing between closed and unlocked slates. They ignore this, or, refusing to examine, illogically deny its existence, knowing full well that the little pencil, more powerful than the lever of Archimedes, upsets their whole system of philosophy. I speak of this manifestation because it more fully than any other connects matter and mind outside the human brain from a materialistic standpoint.

If this system is unsatisfactory in its initiation, incomplete in its development, the outcome is also worse, although not so bad as the previous system. It relegates the grandeur of intellect, the flower of the world, back to dead matter. It cuts man off with his work half done in the midst of his affections, hopes and aspirations, not to writhe in despair, but to rest in the lethe of eternal forgetfulness.

SPIRITUAL COSMOGONY.

Spiritualism accepts, in a modified form, such doctrines in either of the above systems, as enlightened criticism does not show to be untenable. It holds with Christianity to the existence of an all-pervading intellectual energy previous to the existence of matter in its present form. It also accepts from materialism the doctrine of the evolution of material worlds and physical life, but supplies the other segment of the arch in the evolution of immaterial living organisms. It binds the arch together by the keystone of all-pervading intellectual energy, incomprehensible though it be to finite minds. It crowns the whole with the glittering dome of universal truth, beneath whose friendly shade all peoples may repose in peace.

But if the outcome of the other systems is terrible that of Spiritualism is glorious. It shows that life upon this planet is worth living. It shows that it is educating the spirit for a better existence. It shows a probable compensation for the hardest experience to which human beings can be subjects. It shows that the medium Paul was right when he said, "Our light afflictions, which are for a season, will work out a far more exceeding and eternal right of glory and happiness."

The world is now in the throes of a transition period. If this struggle does not require the blood of martyrs it requires no less than former times, heroic devotion and self-sacrifices. Whoever is faithful to this high trust, if he wear a crown of thorns in this life, will wear a wreath of unfading laurel in that bright world of exalted spirits.

WISE SAYINGS.

Epes Sargent says: "The charge that Spiritualism is a superstition recoils on its utterers. It is the remedy for all superstition. Can beliefs founded on absolute and demonstrable facts prove less potent in influencing life and character than dogmas and conjectures?"

"Spiritualism," says Alfred R. Wallace, "is an experimental science, and afford the only foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the term 'supernatural' and 'miracle' by an extension of the sphere of law and the realm of nature, and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. A science of human nature, which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature, and by no other method, is and must be the natural enemy of all superstitions."

John Stuart Mill wisely says: "The argument from tradition, or the general belief of the human race, if we accept it as a guide to our own belief, must be accepted entire; if so, we are bound to believe that the souls of human beings not only survive after death, but show themselves as ghosts to the living; for we find no people who have had the one belief without the other. Indeed, it is probable that the former belief originated in the latter, and that primitive men would never have supposed that the soul did not die with the body, if they had not fancied that it visited them after death."

With reference to the phenomena, Prof. I. H. Fichte says: "Through their inner analogy, one with another, they become credible, and through their frequent recurrence among different people of different grades of culture in ancient and modern times, are found to cohere so remarkably that neither the theory of an accidental reception of ever-returning delusions, nor that of a superstition transmitted from generation to generation, can suffice as an explanation. However offensive, therefore, to the ruling notions of the day, they must be admitted to the domain of well-accepted physical facts."

New Year's Eve in Germany.—At 11 o'clock each member of the family melts some lead in a shovel over a hot stove, and when it is thoroughly liquified it is poured quickly into a bowl of water. Naturally, it assumes all manner of queer forms and shapes, which a lively imagination can weave into various types. Early on New Year's morning the fortune-teller calls, and with these leaden effigies spread out before her, proceeds to read the fortunes for the coming year. Now, it is a singular inter-reaction of the psychic with the physical that the forms should often partake largely of the substance of that which occupied the mind when the lead was poured into the water. For just at this time one must make a wish. Whether the insensible metal does really take on the forms, or whether the imagination, governed by the wish, causes them to assume such forms, the reader must judge for himself.—*Corr. Philadelphia Press.*

A STORY OF REAL LIFE

[By Samuel Eadon M. A. M.D., Ph.D., in Life]

Norton is a charming village in Derbyshire, about four miles from Sheffield. In the valley beneath runs the river Sheef, and the Meersbrook, separating, at this point, Yorkshire from Derbyshire. Higher up the valley are the ruins of Beauchief Abbey, embosomed in woods. About 130 years ago, lived at Norton Hall, a fine mansion near the village, the ancient family of the Offleys; and, at Norton House directly opposite, resided a gentleman who owned large landed estates, named Newton. He was on terms of intimacy, socially and politically, with Mr. Offley. The latter died in 1759, leaving a son, Edmund, between eighteen and nineteen years of age, and two daughters, fourteen and eleven, to whom guardians were appointed. These guardians sent Edmund to Edinburgh to complete his studies, selecting as his tutor, although Edmund had been brought up a Nonconformist, a clergyman of the Church of England. Before settling in Edinburg they made a tour through the highlands, passing a few days on their way with the young Duke of Argyle, at Inverary. Edmund wrote home that his tutor was not used to polite society, and asked his guardians that he might be superseded by another; but they disregarded his request. When fixed in Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of the Rev. G. Carr, minister of an Episcopal congregation, who introduced him to society. But the tutor reported unfavorably of Mr. Carr and of Edmund's proceeding, which brought distasteful letters from the guardians. Gradually such estrangement established itself that he ceased to correspond with his guardians and even with his family.

As soon as young Offley attained his majority, March 21st, 1754, he cut off the entail of the estates. On the 21st of June he executed a will, making the Rev. George Carr, with whose family he had domesticated himself, sole executor, and leaving the whole of his real and personal property to him and his wife and their heirs forever. Two months afterwards he died, Mr. Carr wrote, of "a fever hastily, and unexpectededly." His body lay in state till September 1st, while arrangements were made for his interment at Norton. When the news reached Norton that he had deprived his sisters of the family fortune there was a burst of indignation from peer to peasant. The Duke of Devonshire, great grandfather of the present Duke, who had been a friend of Offley's father, said that Mr. Offley had not the power to alienate the ancestral property, and that he would spend £10,000 rather than the daughters of his good friend should be despoiled. It was thought that the young squire had been the subject of foul play. The gardener of Norton Hall said that he saw the wraith of his young master enter the hall door at the very hour at which he died in Edinburgh. This was thought by some to be a Divine interposition for the purpose of leading to an investigation. Whether this should be viewed as a matter of "Divine interposition" may admit of question; but that the gardener (doubtless one endowed naturally with the power to see spiritual as well as material forms) saw the wraith of his young master, was a matter of belief.

The fact is, thousands of such appearances have been recorded. It is too late in the day for them to be put down to imagination. What is this imagination? Ask Stewart and Reid and Brown and other metaphysical philosophers; and each will give a different version of it. It has been the camel to carry every bundle of the unknown along the sands of the mental desert through all time, whenver the learned attempted to pass from the confines of the material into those of the spiritual domain. It is a fact well authenticated, that the spirit of a man has come to friends the moment it had left the body, thousands of miles away. Spirit, set free, is independent of either space, or matter, or time.

The whole human race are merely millions of spirit-bodies, covered over with an organization of flesh for temporary use in this life. The spirit-body is the man really. When the human spirit has ascended through the brain, and the silver cord been cut which connects the corporeal with the spiritual body—the real man has passed away into another state of being. It is not the material eye which sees, but the spirit eye, making use of a certain special material organization created for the purpose; and so of the other senses. It is not the material brain that thinks, but the psyche or soul, with the spiritual brain using cerebral matter for its manifestations in this life; and so with all the other organs of the body. Some are born with what is called second sight, *i. e.* endowed with the power of seeing spirit without the interposition of a bodily medium. Thousands have been hung because they were endowed with this higher gift of nature. Shame on the ignorance of the world! This peculiarity has been met with in all ages, and in all grades of society: and it is in fact, no other than the little cloud in the heaven of mind, telling the nations and peoples of the eatrh what will universally happen, when, in the fulness of time, God shall bid the scales fall from all human eyes, and man see both worlds, and all their wonders and marvels without a veil between.

Whether the wraith of young Offley influenced the mind of Mr. Newton to defend the young ladies, so wrongfully deprived of their inheritance, we know not; but if not, there were other motives powerful enough to rouse Mr. Newton to battle against injustice. The guardians were supine; but he procured from them power to enable him to act as their delegate, armed with which he, accompanied by a friend, went to Edinburgh. On the road they met the corpse at Ferrybridge on its way to Norton. Mr. Newton produced his authority to the men in charge, and they consented to remain with it at the inn till his return from Scotland. On his arrival in Edinburgh with his friend and a lawyer, he proceeded to the house of the Rev. Geo. Carr. Mr. Newton stated the objections to the validity of the will; that every effort would be made to upset it; that the Duke of Devonshire would give £10,000 toward legal expenses; that he himself would sacrifice every penny before such injustice should be perpetrated; that the young gentleman having made his will under the roof of those to whom he had left his property, without a friend of the family to advise with, or to be cognizant of what was done, was not to be tolerated; that the most rigid inquiry would be made as to his disease and the manner of his death; that he had stopped the corpse at Ferrybridge to be submitted to a *post mortem* examination! At this Carr stood panic-struck. A second interview was agreed upon later in the day, when Carr and his wife agreed to accept £2,000 and relinquish all claims under the will.

Five years after the death of young Offley, one of the daughters married Mr. Samuel Shore, who afterwards resided at the Manor House at Norton, till he died in 1781. Mr. Offley Shore, his son, became partner in the old bank at Sheffield, under the designation of Parker and Shore.

Such was the romance enacted at Norton Hall about 130 years ago. Often great results depend on what appear to be very small incidents. Who could have thought that Mr. Newton's kind act to the children of his old friend, Mr. Offley, would ultimately have been pregnant with such great commercial results to a whole town, as it really has been to that of Sheffield? A great deal of the prosperity and enlargement of that rapidly-advancing town depended upon the success of Mr. Newton's mission to Edinburgh; as by the restitution of the property to the Offley family, the old bank of Messrs. Parker and Shore was enabled to lend a helping hand to thousands of deserving manufacturers, who without such help could not have pushed their way some to affluence and thousands to comfort. There can be no doubt, when a broad view is taken of this Norton romance, that this one kind act done by Mr. Newton for he Offley family more than a century ago, has spread happiness though housands of homes and for several generations; and many of their descendents at the present time little dream of the real origin of the comfort and happiness by which they are surrounded, viz., that of the visit of Mr. Robert Newton to Edinburgh about 130 years ago, on an errand of friendship, justice and mercy.

Photograph of a Materialized Spirit.

[Medium and Daybreak.]

We have received a copy of one of the best photographs of a materialized spirit that has yet been produced. It represents "Geordy," Mrs. Mellon's spirit guide. She was recently on a visit to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where she was the essential element in some very interesting and successful experiments. The photograph before us was taken by Mr. Smith, in his own house in Edinburgh. A draped recess was constructed in the corner of the room, in which Mrs. Mellon took her seat. Several photographs of spirits were obtained, but that of "Geordy" is considered the best. The details of the face are somewhat indistinct, being slightly out of focus. The eyes are nearly closed, as if to shut out the light, and the brow is wrinkled down the center. It is a remarkable face, indicating that distinct individuality for which "Geordy" is *weel kent.* The spirit drapery on the bosom is beautiful—almost transparent—and the spirit holds up the curtain in front of it, as is frequently seen in these materializations.

At one sitting three materialized spirits were out talking vivaciously at the same time, one of them being "a person of color."

Similar phenomena through the same medium have long asserted their genuineness. When none but true sitters are admitted, and a medium properly used and not over-worked, there is nothing more certain and satisfactory than these wonderful manifestations.

"Pray what do ladies find to think about besides dress and parties?" said a fine looking army officer who has been doing guard duty in Washington for the past seventeen years. The remark was addressed to the assembly, but it was taken up by Miss Cleveland. "They can think of the heroic deeds of our modern army offices," she said smiling pleasantly. The officer subsided.

Milk contains all that is required by the body, and the best proportion of mineral matters; is less irritating than other nourishing foods, and better digested. The quality varies according to the animal whence it is obtained, and the food consumed by it.

HOW IS PREJUDICE TO BE OVERCOME.

[Light.]

A professor of science some time ago was asked the question: "If, under what appeared test conditions, you witnessed some of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, such, for example, as the rapid materialisation and dematerialisation of apparently living human forms, or writing in various languages within carefully closed slates, would you accept them as facts?" He replied: "No amount of evidence could convince me of their genuineness; there is nothing in my mental nature with which they would harmonize. I would rather believe myself insane, than believe that the alleged phenomena were genuine."

A strong case of this kind is not of frequent occurrence, but similar views, variously modified, are very prevalent, and the vast majority of educated men believe the phenomena to be impossible, and therefore unworthy of thought or investigation of any kind.

The possibility of the extreme case quoted is apparent rather than real. There is not any sane man who can finally resist manifestly conclusive evidence, and the dogmatic rejection of known facts can only remain stereotyped and permanent by refusing to examine evidence, it being impossible to reject facts if they occur frequently; and, under test conditions, they must in the end command acceptance, and the bitterest and most conservative unbeliever must at last yield to the force of cumulative evidence.

The double proposals which have recently appeared in the columns of *Light*, viz., the examination of testimony and cross-examination of competent witnesses by the executive of the Society for Psychical Research, and the publication of carefully observed and recorded phenomena, apart from theories, by well-known and fully-accredited investigators, are possibly the best means of directing general attention to the singular phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

The value of these two forms of evidence would be increased by the systematic republication of the early records of Modern Spiritualism, and specially the evidence of such men as Wm. Howitt, Dr. Ashburner, S. C. Hall, Newton Crosland, Professor de Morgan, Robert Chambers, Robert Stephenson, Benjamin Coleman, Robert Bell, Dr. Dexter, Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Epes Sargent, Dale Owen, Dr. Gully, Dr. Garth Wilkinson, Dr. Elliotson, Cromwell Varley, Dion Boucicault, Professor Zollner, Lloyd Garrison, President Lincoln, Adin Ballou, Rev. C. Beecher, and scores of other well-known scientists and literati, the majority of whom have passed away from this life, and whose testimonies are scattered throughout the Spiritualistic literature of the past thirty years. Few now have access to the stirring old literature of the movement, and a systematic publication of old and recent evidence, supported as far as is practicable by the critical cross-examination of living witnesses, would constitute a work the influence of which few candid and judicial minds could effectually resist. If the evidence of testimony succeed in influencing the pronounced unbelievers in modern Spiritual phenomena, so far as to induce surprise at its quantity and quality, and at the apparent trustworthiness, self-sacrifice, and capacity of the witnesses, the contest would be practically won; because it would probably lead to careful examination, and such examination, by a mind not too deeply prejudiced, would, in the majority of cases, result in a conviction of the genuineness of the phenomena, and the influence in a large proportion of cases would be in favor of the Spiritual hypothesis.

The fact that the witnesses have nothing personally to gain by the avowal of their experiences, but, on the contrary, much temporary reputation to lose, ought in some measure to command respect, and induce those who at present disbelieve both phenomena and inferences, to at least investigate, and if possible, discover the truth or expose the delusion. It is true that many unbelievers have honestly and fully attempted to expose the supposed delusion, with the remarkable result that they have all become more or less converts to a belief in the genuineness of the phenomena.

A Chicago lecture engineer called on Bob Ingersoll, on business.

"I am here, Colonel," he said, after the usual salutatory preliminaries, "to secure your services for a lecture in Chicago."

"Yes," responded the Colonel, with his usual child-like, sunny smile; "I'm sure it would be a pleasure to me. What subject had you thought of?"

"Well, Colonel, if you could add a few new points, we thought your lecture on 'Hell would be the best."

"Ah—ahem," replied the Colonel, scratching his head reflectively, "you want some new points."

"We thought that way."

"Of course—of course. But really, my dear fellow, I can't make any such additions. You see, I haven't been in Chicago very much lately."

They compromised on another subject.

Truth is like a great kaleidoscope; the more we turn it, the more wonderful and beautiful it appears.

A SHASTA COUNTY "GHOST."

[The S. F. *Chronicle* of Aug. 10th, contains the following from a correspondent, dated Millville, (Cal.), August 7th, 1885.]

This town, which is nearly in the center of Shasta county, has been thrown into a state of excitement by the strange reports of wonderful doings which have taken place on a ranch nine miles east of the town, belonging to a man named Peter Fisher. Mr. Fisher purchased his ranch at Sheriff's sale in 1879. It was formerly owned by one P. B. Langlois, and consists of nearly 400 acres of land. Mr. Fisher has worked hard to improve his farm, and by honest industry has earned a competency sufficient to maintain himself and his family, consisting of a wife and four children—three boys and one girl. On July 23d last, when Mr. Fisher was away in the mountains for a load of fencing lumber, two of his boys went down to the creek, known as Old Cow creek, about 300 yards from the house, with their fishing tackle and commenced fishing in the creek. As they threw their hooks and lines into the water stones and sticks of wood were cast from all directions into the creek. The boys made a careful search of the banks to find who had thrown the stones, but no one was in sight. They began to fish again, when a second time a shower of stones fell into the pool where they had cast their lines. Becoming alarmed, they rushed hastily to the house. There their mother upraided them for throwing stones into the house. When they had told their experience the mother and children became alarmed. A search was made around the house, but it seemed evident that the missiles were thrown by an invisible hand, as there is a clear view of about 300 yards or more all around the house, with nothing but a stone fence behind which any one could be concealed. There was no trace of any one having been behind the fence. Still occasionally a stone came tumbling into the house, the chairs moved from one end of the house to the other and the quilts and mattresses on the beds were rolled up and moved off the beds and across the floor.

READY FOR THE STRANGE VISITOR.

The family in great excitement and alarm awaited the arrival of Mr. Fisher, who returned home in the afternoon. He at once loaded his gun, unchained his watch-dog and said he would go around the fences and see if he could find out who had disturbed the peace and quiet of his home during his absence. While loading his faithful rifle, and while standing near the door, a stone of about five pounds' weight fell at his feet. He looked around and could see nothing. The children again became frightened as stones commenced to fly into the yard, some falling from the roof. Mr. Fisher had by this time loaded his gun and tied the chain of his watch-dog to the outside of the door. He then directed his children to sit down, locked and bolted the front door and sat with his gun in his hand. Soon a howl was heard from the dog outside. The door instantly flew open and a shower of stones, sticks and missiles of all kinds fell beside him on the floor. The unseen tormentor then ceased for a while. The stones were picked up by the boys and thrown out of doors. The alarm soon spread through the neighborhood and James Mears and John Welch came to the house to see if anything could be done to assist the family. Still the stones came in, one falling at the feet of Mr. Welch from the ceiling. As there was a trap in the ceiling about two feet square over their heads, Mr. Fisher climbed up into the attic and searched every nook and corner, but without finding anything. The night came and with it ceased the stone-throwing, but it was repeated the next day.

THE HOUSE ABANDONED.

It was then agreed that the house was haunted and that it would have to be abandoned. The next day, Mr. Fisher with the assistance of Mr. Mears and some of the neighbors, built a good-sized cabin, to which he moved his family and furniture. But the ghost, or whatever it is, was not yet satisfied. It followed the family to their new home and played there all the pranks which it had formerly indulged in at the family mansion. Stones came into the house; the doors sometimes remained closed despite every effort, and again all of a sudden burst open as by the power of an invisible spirit. They were compelled to vacate that house also and camped out in the orchard on the south side of the creek. Nothing was known in Millville of these strange things until about a week ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Fisher made a short visit to the house of a friend in this place.

Their story so piqued public curiosity that several investigators went out to the ranch to satisfy themselves of the reality of the phenomena. One of these was L. W. Kidd, editor of the Eastside *Times*. He remained at the house one whole morning, when he struck out for Millville with a stone in his pocket which had been thrown into the Fisher mansion sixteen times by the invisible spirit. He also carried to town a piece of wood which was thrown into the Fisher mansion by the "spook," and when he first picked it up one end of it was wet, as if recently taken out of the water. Last Wednesday about ten citizens of Millville, with three teams started for the Fisher ranch. Some of them were young men who had never seen a "spook," and did not believe that any such thing ever existed. They arrived at Fisher's near sundown.

PRANKS OF THE UNKNOWN.

The night was quiet, but the following day was a field day for the spook. Soon after breakfast a rocking chair was moved across the room and placed against the ceiling and remained fastened there for some time, until at last pulled down by two of the men. The little girl while standing on the floor had her hat carried out of the window in plain sight of all. One of the boys ran and fetched it back again and put it on her head. It was no sooner on than it was again carried out of the window. One of the boys then put his hat on the little girl's head, and in less than one second it was carried out in the field nearly 100 yards distant. Stones fell into the building. When cast out they were at once thrown back into the house. At one time a stone which came through the stove struck the little girl on the ankle. She screamed and complained of being bruised but was found not to be severely hurt. The stone was weighed by Joseph Connelly and found to weigh eight pounds and one ounce. A short time afterwards this girl was struck on the shoulder by a butcher knife. It stood erect on her shoulder in the presence of the whole crowd. Soon after her father saw her beside the house with a board about twelve feet long balanced like a see-saw across her head. It was suddenly laid across her head and shoulders without doing any apparent injury except to frighten her. Her cries brought her father, Mr. King and others to her assistance, who at once removed it from her head.

Other wonderful tales too numerous to mention are told by Mr. Fisher, his wife and near neighbor who have been at the Fisher ranch for several days. Shortly after the investigating party arrived in town yesterday, Mr. Fisher and his family appeared in Millville, where Mrs. Fisher and the children will remain for the present. Mr. Fisher, and his oldest boy went out again to the ranch about sundown to see to his cattle. There is no question that there is something very mysterious on Fisher's farm. What can be the cause of the phenomena, no one in our villiage claims wisdom enough to explain. But enough is now known to demonstrate that this is the "boss spook" of this State, and perhaps, beyond the realms of fiction, the best authenticated.

F. C.

The God-Idea.

["C" in Ventura Signal.]

Although no warm advocate of Beecher, since he played the old Adam with Mrs. Tilton—whining "The woman tempted me, etc," still I think there is point in his remark, "we are all God-builders." From the idol worshipper to the one whose soul goes out to a Divine Ideal too grand for finite comprehension, each, according to his own perception, forms his idea of God. Does God change our human conceptions? for surely even Bible advocates must admit that the God-idea has advanced. From the wrathful Jehovah whose anger could only be appeased by burnt offerings and bloody sacrifices to the idea of "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," was certainly a great advance. Jesus says "I and the Father are one." Is it in the same sense that Pope perceives we each are

"Part of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Some think so, some otherwise. Though all may call their Deity by the one name—God—there may be great difference in the conception of the idea. The better God, the better man, and vice versa.

An Eighth Wonder.

[Santa Barbara Press.]

The pyramids of Egypt must take a back seat for dimensions if a story which now comes from Mexico is to be credited. El Tiempo of Sonora, Mexico, publishes a statement that the discovery has been made in the valley of Magdalena, Sonora, by a party of prospectors, of an immense pyramid situated in the midst of a virgin forest. The pyramid measures 4,350 feet at the base and 750 feet in height. The discoverers state that it would be possible to ascend to the top of the pyramid in a coach on a spiral road constructed on the outside of the structure. A short distance from the structure is said to be a most singular structure, built of granite and evidently used at some former period as a human dwelling. There are several hundred rooms or corridors, from 10 to 15 feet long and 5 to 15 feet wide, without doors or windows, the only openings being through holes in the roof. In several of these cavern-like rooms were found ancient stone implements. If this wonderful story, coming to us in the Spanish language, be true, it will open up a new field of investigation for historians and scientists.

"Why is your hair so gray, mamma?"—Mamma: "Well, because you are such a naughty child sometimes." Infant prodigy: "What a naughty child you must have been! Poor grandma's hair is quite white!"—*Ex.*

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

IN A NEW ROLE.

[NOTE.—Brother John Deits, one of our oldest Michigan subscribers, says the *Spiritual Offering*, sends us the following for publication, being an article he cut from a Detroit paper. It gives one instance of thousands of a like character; many equally prominent are occurring all over the world; and the conversions are not only numerous, but the accessions to Spiritualism come from classes of society composed of the most brilliant minds of the age—artistic, literary, and professional. These converts are brought into our ranks, almost wholly through the phenomena, such as we have in this case or siniliar phases. To intelligent Spiritualists the slur about craziness has no weight. It is with a good deal of reluctance that the secular press publish anything specially telling in favor of Spiritualism, without throwing out a choice bit to please their church going friends.];

Bartley Campbell lifted himself from the station of a brick-maker to the more congenial occupation of a newspaper writer, and then to the more profitable calling of play-writing. He has written and brought on the stage with success a dozen or more plays, and from this source has made two or three handsome fortunes. He is at the zenith of his fame, a comparatively young man, a most delightful companion, and an excellent friend. Yet, in spite of a position so wholly satisfactory, Bartley gave an unmistakable exhibition of mental decay at the Criterion in New York, a few evenings since. There were eight or ten persons present—managers, leading men, comedians and authors—and the topic of conversation finally turned on Campbell's plays. At this, Bartley took from his pocket two letters, which he proceeded to read to his friends. They were exquisitely written communications upon the subject of dramatic composition, and contained many very comprehensive and novel suggestions to Mr. Campbell, and on the whole proved decidedly interesting to all who heard them read. When he had finished reading the letters, Bartley, in the most sober and earnest manner, informed his friends that the letters in question were spiritual communications from one of the most famous of French dramatists, now dead, received by him through the kind offices of a noted medium.

Then, for the first time, it became known that Bartley Campbell had become an earnest, absolute believer in Spiritualism. Courtesy would not permit and guying, as Mr. Campbell was so evidently in earnest in the exposition of his conversion to that belief. Finaliy, however, one of the gentlemen present asked: "If your dead dramatist was a Frenchman, how does it happen that he writes to you in such perfect English?"

Mr. Campbell thereupon explained that the letters were translated and written by his (Campbell's) daughter. He also told how the first communication from the French playwright was received while one of his "White Slave" companies was playing at Louisville, and that this first letter named the exact amount that Mr. Campbell would lose on that engagement. The prophecy proved so true that Mr. Campbell became interested, and pursuing his investigations, finally became an entire convert to the theory of spiritual manifestations and communications.

"Oh, he's dead crazy on the subject, as you will find if you meet him," said one of the gentlemen, who had heard the letters read, to a reporter of *The Free Press*. "and it wouldn't surprise me a bit to see Bartley in less than six months an equally pitiable companion to poor John McCullough."

A REMEDY FOR A FELON.

[A subscriber to the *Spiritual Offering*, who has himself suffered and witnessed great sufferings in others, sends the following to that journal and request its publication;]

"Cures" for whitlow, or felon, are as common as "cures" for cancer, and we are always inclined to smile at the easy credulity of the periodicals that give them space in their columns. Lately we have met with the following, alleged to be the statement of a physician named C. C. Gratiot, in several of our medical and other exchanges, and as it is of a character that is simple enough for any one to try who may be suffering from this painful form of periostitis, we publish it:

"One day in July, 1883, after returning from a call in the country, I found a gentleman waiting in my office to consult me about a felon, that was giving him great pain, upon the index finger of the left hand. While waiting for me he had picked up one of my medical journals, and read an article entitled 'How to Cure a Felon.' My patient asked me to try it on him. I advised him to let me make a free incision down to the bone, believing it the only course to pursue that amounted to anything in the treatment of paronychia. As he was a little timid and insisted on my trying the other plan, I consented. The mode of treatment is this, and I quote the writer's own words: 'Take common salt, roasted on a hot stove until all the chlorine gas is thrown off, or it is as dry as you can make it. To a teaspoonful, and also a teaspoonful of pulverized Castile soap, add a teaspoonful of Venice turpentine; mix them into a poultice and apply to the felon. If you have ten felons at once make as many poultices. Renew this poultice twice a day. In four or five days your felon will, if not opened before your poultice is first put on, present a hole down to the bone, where the pent-up matter was before your poultice brought it out. If the felon has been cut open or opened itself, or is about to take off the finger to the first joint, no matter, put on your poultice; it will stop right there, and in time your finger will get well even if one of the first bones is gone. Of course it will not restore the lost bone, but it will soon get well.

"So far as my faith went in the treatment of a felon in that way, I never would have tried it. My patient came back to me in four days, with pain and throbbing all gone, and with no tenderness or swelling. Upon removing the poultice there was a round hole down to the bone, discharging a bloody, thick pus, such as I have sometimes seen come from acute ulcers. He stated that after the first application of the poultice, about eight hours after he left my office, he suffered no more pain; in three days more he was almost entirely well. This induced me to try it on other felons that I might be called upon to treat; and from July until the middle of October a great many felons occurred among the farmers caused by the frequent handling of pitchforks in making hay, and in stacking and thrashing grain. Suffice to say, I tried it on seven cases of felon, and it never once failed me. It is simple in preparation, and the soap and salt are always at hand, which with a few cents' worth of Venice turpentine will make many poultices. The cases in which I used it, got well more rapidly and suffered less pain, and the finger regained its normal condition more quickly, than after incision or any mode of treatment I had ever previously adopted."

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R. A. S.; W. Crookes, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F.R.S., C. E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; Dr. J. Elliotson, F.R.S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R. S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; Dr. Ashburner, Mr. Rutter, Dr. Herbert Mayo, F. R. S., &c., &c.

Professor F. Zollner, of Leipzig, author of "Transcendental Physics," &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Gottingen; Professor Hoffman, of Wurzburg; Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and Butlerof, of Petersburg; Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; Mons. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope, S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Captian R. Burton; Professor Cassal, LL. D.; Lord Brougham; Lord Lytton; Lord Lyndhurst; Archbishop Whately; Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; W. M. Thackeray; Nassau Senior; George Thompson; W.; Howitt; Serjeant Cox; Mrs. Browning; Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness von Vay; W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A. Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; Epes Sargent; Baron du Potet; Count A. de Gasparin; Baron L. de Guldenstubbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. S. H. Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Countess of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairoz, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of Russia and France; Presidents Thiers and Lincoln, &c., &c.

Sick headaches come largely from two causes, the stomach or the eyes. We have relieved many severe cases, of long standing, by having proper glasses fitted by a skillful oculist. When it comes from the stomach a little pure bicarbonate of soda, in a quarter of a glass of water, will often effect a cure.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher to her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat. —*Lynn Union.*

"What kind of pills do you want, little boy?" asked the druggist. "Plain or sugar-coated?" "Mister, I want the kind that's whitewashed."—*Philadelphia Call.*

While medical students are being harshly condemned for robbing graves, it is forgotten that the students intend to fill them up again when they get into practice.

A young lady named Rose Budd is studying law in New York. If she is anything like a good many lawyers we know, she will probably lilac the deuce.

"MORAL AGENCY."

ED. GOLDEN GATE:—Your promised "leader," entitled "Moral Fatalism," in the last issue of your valuable paper, has been read by me with much interest and profit; more so, perhaps, because I was one of the audience who listened to a triangular discussion upon the subject at Washington Hall, Sunday, July 19th. Although seeing much in your article that is good, yet upon the main point at issue I beg leave to differ with you.

Man is wholly a creature of circumstances, and from the cradle to the grave, subject to his environments. He has absolutely no choice as to how, when or where he shall be born, or whether he shall be born at all; neither can he tell the hour, the day or the year when he must die, or the manner of such death. Therefore we logically infer that the intermediate acts of his life are equally beyond his control. Hence he ever does the best that he can, and that best is determined by his environments.

He is but one entity among the infinite correlated entities of the universe, and can only possess in an infinitesimal degree the power or attributes of the stupendous whole. Take numbers as an illustration: one unit has a billion times less power than a billion units. Now if it can be logically deduced that an infinitesimal part of any whole is greater than that whole, then is man a "free, moral agent;" then has God "bound nature fast in fate, but left free the human will."

I quote from your article: "Now all sound thinkers must admit that man is a free, moral agent only in a very limited sense, if at all." This admission is fatal to the theory you uphold. I venture to say that no man is capable of drawing the distinctive line, and your frank admission proves that a doubt exists even in your own mind concerning the truth of this world-wide theory.

All of Nature's forces are continually moved in those planes in which they meet the least resistance; no exception to this rule has been discovered up to date. Man is an agent, but he is not free. The very term "free agent" is incompatible; he must and does fulfill the law, for he can not break that which is immutable.

But from whence arises the almost universal feeling of individual, moral responsibility? From childhood's rosy morn until the sear and yellow leaf of age is reached, the human family are continually projecting ideal standards which they ceaselessly struggle to attain to,—those ideal standards being always in keeping with the unfoldment of their projectors, and are to them the beacon lights along life's dark and rugged pathways of advance, and when reached, others are found to have been projected by them, and just as they fall short of living up to their highest ideal, so are they filled with sorrow and feel a moral responsibility for such failure. This is one of Nature's infinite modes of individual unfoldment as daily manifested in our experience, ever inspiring us onward and upward to grander hights, and more herculean efforts to reach a loftier and more sublime ideal life.

Nations, like individuals, have moral standards whereby they measure the acts of their citizens, inflicting corporeal punishment upon those poor unfortunate ones who have failed to comply with the requirements of the national moral standard; yet they are unable to tell the reason why they fail, though trying, or why they fail to try. But the people, generally, *know* their several short-comings, and hold themselves legally and morally responsible therefor.

The instances above given, with their various modifications, comprise the only tenable grounds of moral responsibility to God, to ourselves and to society; but the modus operandi of growth is not generally understood.

All knowledge comes to mankind by and through experience, and is of two kinds, viz: inherited and acquired. Inherited experience is known as instinct, or intuition. This is common property, the universal legacy of the race, and bequeathed to them in accordance with the law of heredity by former generations, and was acquired by those generations through experience gained by them on the battle-field of life. This constitutes our entire stock in trade at birth, to which we add our acquired experience, and together they form the basis of our present knowledge and wisdom.

The above is the mechanical process by which eternal, infinite progressive unfoldment is evolved, materially and spiritually. The environments of childhood's years are overcome by manhood's growth and knowledge. Thus it is that we shall in the future overcome obstacles that now master us, and be able to relate ourselves intelligently to natural law as written upon our own constitution. But the law of progress being eternally onward, is positive proof that we must ever battle with environments and ever conquer.

ROBERT STUART.

1213 Bush street, S. F., Aug. 10, 1885.

Life is a vast panorama, that Nature's sterioptican reflects upon our perceptions as the hand of Deity unrolls it from the wheel of time.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

SCHOOL FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

All systems of religion have had their benefactors—men and women, richly endowed with pious zeal and with the world's wealth—who have left their fortunes to their church, to found schools of learning, or to carry forward vast enterprises looking to the advancement of their creeds. In this way mighty works of architecture have been reared—colleges, monasteries, church buildings,—and great libraries have been founded.

Spiritualism is not without its wealthy adherents. In fact it embraces much of the wealth and culture of the enlightened world. The time is ripe for placing the Spiritual philosophy and phenomena upon a higher plane of demonstration and scientific unfoldment. To this end we need colleges for psychical experiment and study. One should be located here upon the Pacific Coast, where the air is pure, crisp, and electric, and the conditions most favorable for mediumistic development, and experiments in what Spiritual scientists now regard as the fourth dimension of space.

The detailed plans for such an institution, with the proper course to be pursued, and the kind of experiments and study to be adopted, we doubt not would be promptly furnished by well posted Spiritualists, assisted by the higher intelligences in spirit life. Hence, nothing is wanting but the will to inaugurate such a college, and the money to carry it forward.

Now, where is the spiritually illumined benefactor of his race to supply the means for this work? When through with his earthly possessions, could the wealthy Spiritualist do a nobler work for humanity—a work that would add more to his own soul-growth and eternal happiness, than to found an institution where would be taught the laws of spirit control and mediumistic development.

Hither would come the sensitives for study and development in spiritual gifts. Conditions would be provided for experiments in all phases of mediumship. And thus would mediumship be lifted out of its present sort of a "go-as-you-please" condition—be divested of the crudities due to incomplete development—and placed upon a higher plane of intelligent usefulness.

Mr. Seybert gave $50,000 to be expended under the auspices of a Commission chosen by the Regents of the University of Pennsylvania for investigating the spiritual phenomena. It has appeared that several of the members of this Commission are inimical to the claims of Spiritualism, and have virtually prejudged the case. What but unfavorable results can be expected from such a prejudiced commission, or from a University whose principles and policy are encrusted all over with the barnacles of conservatism. Had Mr. Seybert placed his money in the hands of a commission of intelligent Spiritualists—or what is far better, had he devoted it to the establishing of a school for psychical research, he would have accomplished a lasting good.

The cost of such a school would, of course, depend upon the scope of the work proposed. Something more than mere buildings and grounds would be required. Provision would have to be made for its maintenance, hence, a liberal endowment would be necessary; and herein would really consist the chief expense. The building proper need not be a very expensive affair. A pretty structure, located in some quiet, elevated place, easy of access, provided with suitable circle rooms, a reading room, a lecture room, a library of Spiritual literature, and all the necessary appliances for study and investigation,—the whole need not cost complete, including the grounds, to exceed $20,000. And then with the modest endowment fund of $80,000 more—making an even $100,000—and Spiritualism would at once command the respect of thoughtful minds everywhere.

May we not hope for such a grand achievement in the not distant future.

THE FIELD WIDENING FOR WOMEN.

More than forty years ago, Miss Harriet Martineau said that in the State of Massachusetts, one of the most highly cultivated communities in the world, there were but seven industries open to women who wanted to work. They might keep boarders, or set type, or teach, or tend looms in cotton mills, or fold and stitch in book-binderies. She might have included needle and fancy work, but the field would not have been much widened. If Miss Martineau now reviews the scenes of her sojourn in the United States, she must observe with pleasure the many changes that have come about for the betterment of her sex. In Massachusetts, which appears to have been her favorite site of observation of the condition and opportunities open to women for industrial pursuits, she will find a new order of things. Instead of seven, there are nearly three hundred occupations open to women, in which 251,158 are earning their living, receiving from $150 to $3000 yearly. We dare say that other States could show a corresponding growth towards that equality that to some souls is such a terrible cause of alarm, inasmuch as it is then feared that we shall have no more womanly women. Independence has always had a tendency to confirm all that was noble and manly in man, and why should it not do so much and more for woman?

ROCK-THROWING.

We copy elsewhere, from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, an account of the manifestation of a strange, intelligent, but invisible power, occurring in Shasta county, in this State, whereby a thoroughly alarmed family have been driven from their home, and a great excitement caused throughout the community. The manifestations consist of rock-throwing, moving of ponderable bodies, and the "cutting up" of a variety of pranks, with the general nature of which all well-posted Spiritualists are more or less familiar.

A case similar in character occurring in San Jose a few years ago, came within the knowledge of the writer hereof. A worthy family, consisting of a Mr. and Mrs. Reardon, four children (ranging from five to fifteen years of age), and a sister of Mrs. Reardon, were annoyed for several months with rocks thrown at their house and through the windows, more or less frequently. This they attributed to mischievous boys, and so they placed a watch to catch the culprits, but without success. One evening as the family were gathered around the table for their evening meal, a large rock fell in the center of the table, making serious havoc with the crockery.

Becoming disgusted with the neighborhood wherein they were subjected to such annoyances, they moved to another part of the town, but the disturbances followed them, even with greater violence. Still misjudging the trouble to be caused by unruly boys, another watch was set, but with like result. Mr. Reardon then moved again, and into a house with a wide open space on three sides, and a house closely adjoining on the fourth side. Now, he thought, he would be able to discover his tormentors. But here the disturbance was worse than ever. The lights in the windows on the side fronting the widest space were all broken out, and when replaced were again broken out, and this too, while a policeman, secreted in a lumber-yard across the open space, kept close watch. Mr. Reardon then boarded up the windows on that side of his house. Then the rocks were pitched in at the open kitchen door, fifty or a hundred at a time—some of them weighing two or three pounds.

It was at this time that Mr. Reardon called at the office of the writer, and related his troubles, at the same time concluding that the mischief was the work of the devil or some other invisible force! While he was thus recounting his annoyances, his little son came running in with the request for him to hurry home, as *they* were throwing rocks again. We went with him, and found the door to the rear of the house open, and the family, trembling with fear, gathered in a side room. The kitchen floor was literally covered with rocks—a hundred or more. The wall and door opposite the open door were dented and battered with the missiles. As we arrived, the throwing which had continued for half an hour, had ceased for the time. We were then informed that the disturbance usually commenced about an hour before sunset, continuing from half an hour to an hour, although rocks would occasionally be thrown at other times.

The next evening we, with several other persons, were on hand and seated in the kitchen out of the range of the missiles, but with the best of opportunities to watch the performance. We saw a number of rocks thrown into the room some with much violence and others just falling within the room. Some would apparently spring up from the ground near the door, and describing a circle, strike the ceiling overhead, knocking off portions of the plastering.

One gentleman, skeptical as to the true cause of the disturbance, sat directly opposite the open door, against the wall. He thought there would be no rock-throwing while he held the post of observation! A moment later, a rock weighing half a pound, projected with great force, struck the wall close to his head. He immediately secured a safer point of observation.

One peculiar circumstance connected with this disturbance, was the fact that no one was ever hit with the projectiles, at least not to their injury. The sister of Mrs. Reardon caught one in her back hair, but was unharmed thereby.

The disturbance seemed to culminate at about that time, and gradually ceased.

The lamented Grant said in the preface to his book: "There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by their own choice." He knew this by experience, and so do all others who believe it. There are those who live and act as if they could do exactly as they pleased, regardless of their fellow mortals, and that destiny that shapes all our lives to a special end, which, however, may be good or bad, according to our natural tendencies. We lie down at night with our mind made up for certain action, but in sleep a change is wrought, and we reconsider, perhaps for the better. We fancy one course or pursuit of life, but often take another instead. Sometimes we are forced to make changes that wring our hearts, for the time, with pain, but find great good comes out of it in the end.

The world has always had its helpless poor. Most persons believe it is constitutional deficiencies that make them so. But it is the theory of some saintly souls that these unfortunates are so created, simply as a cross and ladder for martyrs into heaven; though it seems more likely, if there is design in their distress, that it is made for the exercise of charity on the part of those fortunate in material things. And yet, nearly all charity may be bestowed in a manner that will help most persons to help themselves, and as this would be thwarting in a degree divine foreordination, we must conclude that the poor are so through a series of conditions that might be quite changed by different instruction and surroundings.

STOP CROWDING.

Spiritualists should be the last people in the world to crowd each other, or tread on each other's corns. We all have our peculiarities—our tender spots—and most of us are yet far away from those sublime heights of glorious manhood and womanhood, whereon almighty love dominates every thought and desire of the soul—heights that we all hope to attain, sometime and somewhere, and which we shall reach the sooner, the sooner we begin to travel earnestly in that direction.

It has been charged by shallow investigators, and those who jump at conclusions, that all spiritual phenomena are but juggler's tricks, that Spiritualists are the most gullible people in the world. In our judgment they are as a rule, the most skeptical and the hardest to be convinced—the quickest to discover real or supposed fraudulent manifestations, and the readiest to make the most of the discovery. Some of the well established phases of the phenomena are discredited by large numbers of the Spiritualists, and herein we find a most serious cause of inharmony in our ranks,—all of which could be easily remedied if we would only simply agree to allow everybody the unquestioned right to their own opinions.

There is surely enough in our beautiful philosophy upon which we *can* agree—in the glorious fact of spirit existence and return; in the purpose of Spiritualism to lift humanity out of the ruts and darkness of superstition and ignorance, into the broad and beautiful sunlight of intellectual and spiritual freedom; in correcting the abuses and righting the wrongs that exist in the world; in binding up bleeding hearts, and bringing hope and comfort to the homes of the struggling and sorrowing ones of earth — there is surely enough in all this to harmonize and unite us, that we can afford to disagree in non-essentials. We ought to be magnanimous enough and grand enough, to be willing to concede to others the same latitude of opinion that we demand for ourselves. In short, Spiritualists ought to be willing to "pool their issues" upon all matters of questionable opinion, and stand firmly, shoulder to shoulder, on all the essentials of our philosophy and belief.

We have come up "out of the depth," of ignorance, perhaps of superstition or unbelief. We claim to be treading the shining way of knowledge, guided by the sunlight of reason. We ought to be able to set an example to the world of a better, broader and a more enlightened humanity than can be found outside of our belief—at least of a humanity more imbued with the spirit of brotherly love and good will to man.

Would it not be well for us to *try* to get a little closer to the great throbbing heart of the universe—the heart that pulsates with Omnipotent love?

SCARCITY OF WATER.

From all over the country come reports of scarcity of water. In many localities of the East last year there were water famines, which resulted in strange and fatal epidemics. For long years intelligent observers of cause and effect, have been crying out against the wholesale destruction of our forests, setting forth in vivid speech the dire results that would follow. They have mainly been met by jest and reference to yet heavily wooded regions of the Atlantic seaboard, without giving a thought, serious or otherwise, to the vast areas of naked country of other portions that have been thus denuded of timber in considerably less than a century.

Diminution of the water supply is one of the first results. Next more intense cold in Winter, and an early and rapid melting of the snows in Spring that will send floods of destruction upon the valleys below. This is already the case in some places on the Pacific Coast. Mining and agricultural industries are seriously damaged and impeded, and heavy loss is the result, not only to individuals but the State itself.

We suppose that when the calamities, which must come upon us in the same proportion as our mountains are stripped of their protecting growth of timber, are fully apparent, Government will take some measure of prevention. But we should profit by the past instead of future results.

We know how deserts are made without allowing our own country to become one.

FREE AGENCY.

"He that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears."

The famous author who penned the above sentiment must of course have been a believer in man's free agency. There is another belief that seems to give great satisfaction to many persons of today, which should at once debar us both from credit for good deeds and blame for bad ones, since it claims that whatever we do is always according to the strongest motive impelling us, which is irresistible. According to this, no one, predisposed to an evil and vicious life, ever reformed; but we often hear of such alleged cases; and certainly all have seen sudden changes wrought in men by religious influences; but this may be attributed to Divine power, and thus rob man of a repentance by effort. We don't like the philosophy. It is not a good one either. It is far better for us to believe that we are masters of our life and conduct so far as to make it useful or useless, good or bad.

When a man has been a bound slave to drink or tobacco for twenty or forty years, then begins to realize his degradation, resolves to quit, and does so at once and absolutely, it is poor consolation to tell him that he only obeyed the stronger impulse, when the effort cost him agonies untold.

The editor of this journal will lecture before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall on Sunday, August 16th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Subject: "The Hawaiian Islands." The lecture will be preceded by a recitation by Mrs. Owen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

For fine photographic work try that old pioneer artist, Mr. Shew, at 523 Kearney street. There is none better in this great city.

In the next decade Germany will come in for no small additional share of exploring fame. Four Arctic expeditions will leave that country next Winter.

But few men or women know their own powers until they are put to the test. It is only in the furnace fires of affliction that the pure gold of character is divested of all dross.

The attention of skeptics is called to the brilliant array of names, published elsewhere, of those who have given in their testimony to the genuineness of the psychical phenomena.

Mrs. E. L. Watson's mother died on the 8th inst. at Meadville, Pa., after a protracted illness, and was buried on the Sunday following. Mrs. Watson then left for California, and is expected this coming week.

The *Banner of Light* has our thanks for its very cordial notice of the GOLDEN GATE. Its kind wishes are most heartily reciprocated. No Spiritualist can well afford to dispense with the weekly visits of the dear old *Banner*.

A good San Jose sister, who by the way is beginning to receive indepedent slate-writing, writes as follows: "Number four of the GOLDEN GATE has come to hand, and I am delighted with the paper. Each number is an improvement on the last."

The man who *knows* a certain thing to be true can never be convinced otherwise by one who doesn't know. The arguments and logic of the latter, however cogent or finely drawn, fall upon the ears of the "party of the first part" as the idle wind.

The first impulse on receiving an injury is to, in some way, revenge one's self. Soon this feeling is met by an appeal from reason that tells us it is not the part of a noble mind to be wounded by an injury, since it should be above and beyond the shafts of spite and envy.

The First Spiritual Union of San Francisco, holding their meetings at the Metropolitan Temple, contemplate giving a reception on the evening of Sept. 1st, welcoming back their leader, Mrs. E. L. Watson, who will soon enter on another year's engagement with that Society.

Mrs. L. Pet Anderson (the artist), and son who has been suffering from lung troubles, are spending a short time with Dr. T. B. Taylor of San Jose, preparatory to going to the mountain home of their friend D. S. McLellan at Boulder Creek. They are in hopes the mountain air will permanently benefit the invalid.

What a world of beauty and of meaning lies in that little word "duty"; and, rightly understood, brings manifold blessings. He who nearest performs every known duty has caught its deepest import and the truest sense of life and life's great aims. To such comes the true inspiration of heroism, whether found in the hovel or the palace.

That gifted inspirational speaker and writer, Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, of the *Spiritual Offering*, commences, in her paper of August 8th, what promises to be a deeply interesting serial story, founded on fact, entitled, "The Haunted Life; or, Old Shylock, the Vampyre." The *Offering* is published at Ottumwa, Iowa, at $2 per annum. All Spiritualists who can afford to do so, should take it. It is a splendid journal.

That Mrs. Watson's lectures are considered as a treat by all who hear them, accounts for the rapid and increased sales of seats at the Metropolitan Temple, made by the First Spiritual Union of San Francisco. Parties desiring permanent seats will do well to call on Mr. M. B. Dodge, No. 143 Fremont street, during the week, or see him at the Temple on Sundays.

What a valuable thing is good training, that servant to ability and inclination. Without it we go to work blindly and without system. Without it we do not hear half the sweet sounds, not see all the beautiful things in our world, be it ever so small. We miss the happy and holy impressions that each new day, with its ever-changing aspects of sky, hill and vale, bring to those who are trained to see, think and feel.

Our opinions are not exactly under our strict control except on those questions where what we call absolute right and wrong, call for "Yes" or "No" promptly. Those of each other, of theories and philosophies, the doctrines and new isms of the day, undergo all sorts of fluctuations, not because we are fickle, but for the reason that man is a creature of many moods, and all that emanates from his mind is susceptible of many views and interpretations.

A goodly audience assembled in Albion Hall, Alcazar building, last Sunday evening, to listen to the lecture by Mrs. F. A. Logan, and the sweet songs and music by Mrs. Annie Higgs and Mrs. Rodway, and to the business tests by Mrs. Seip. Such meetings are calculated to liberalize the minds of the people and to form the way for the investigation of the truths of the Harmonial Philosophy, which will in time uplift all humanity to the realm of one grand universal brotherhood.

The *Koran* states that each mother locust lays ninety-nine eggs, and were the hundred complete they would destroy the whole world and what is in it. It thus seems that the ninety-nine are comparatively harmless. If only the hundredth egg were laid, the large annual sum expended in the slaughter of this pest by the Government of Cypress, would avail not to give relief, although it is estimated that in 1883 two hundred thousand millions were exterminated. By what small means is our little earth saved from destruction!

There are souls yet in the flesh who have the glorious faculty of finding joy and sunshine in gloom, and leaving it for others when they are gone. Their presence is gladness to the heart, into which seems to flow that peace which is beyond all mortal understanding. They live and move among us like beings of light, and the eternal stars are not more constant in their shining than the love and tenderness that beams from their faces and flows from their every deed and word. Yes, there are angels in human form.

An exchange says that a certain Grass Valley officer has a mania for arresting persons whom he accuses of being insane, but who on examination are found to be perfectly sound-minded. Knowing the faculty that so many people have of being occasionally insane, no reflection should be cast upon a faithful officer if he is more than usually fortunate in falling among that class of unfortunate disturbers of the public equilibrium. Besides, emotional insanity is brief, often very brief, and might not last longer than it takes to make an arrest.

Reading is aptly compared to filling a storehouse with grain, and thinking to sowing seed. Some read to contradict and confute, others to weigh and consider, and still others read to kill time. All reading that does not suggest thought is of poor quality; thought is not reverie, but meditation that is active and productive of other thoughts. The result of our reading is the harvest of what we plant in our minds of others' ideas. As there are many grades of mind and qualities of thought, there must be much chaff sown and more to gather.

There are a few men who know more about the sun than most of us do about our own planet, and Prof. Langley is one of them. He has found out, by means of the spectroscope, that the sun, instead of being of red or white heat, is really blue. That it is the atmosphere of the earth that tempers its heat and color, and that the blue sky is the real light of the sun, unchanged by the earth's atmosphere. There is, then, truly some foundation for one's getting the "blues." And so we learn a little, day by day, and may hope to know the why and the wherefore of all by and by.

It would be better for us all could we give our undivided attention to the duties of the present hour, allowing no distraction from the possibilities and probabilities of to-morrow, that may never come to us. Though premonitions of coming events often send their gloom or sunshine across the busy present, it is not designed that we should see the future only as it is merged into the past. Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly beyond us, but to do what lies clearly at hand. Thus when the end comes we shall find our work, whatever it has been, "well and faithfully done."

"The world has so far progressed as to no longer wage war against its tyrants, but tyranny itself. Liberty is not so much sought by killing an oppressor as by abolishing systems of oppression. Principles, not men, are on trial to-day." And thus is the era of better things assured, if not for the rising generation, for others that shall follow, though perhaps in long distant ages. Wrong is hydra-headed and of many forms, and with a tendency to disguise, but it often discovers itself when its attempts at concealment are over many. Like a man going out into the blackness of night with a lantern, it reveals itself, while it is yet blinded by the glare of its prosperity.

Some earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism have inaugurated a series of Wednesday night meetings, to be held at the lower hall of Metropolitan Temple. The first meeting was held on Wednesday evening, Aug. 5th, and was largely attended. The meeting was called to order by the eloquent Mrs. Miller, who made a soul-stirring introductory speech. Judge Swift was elected Chairman. There was singing by that sweet singer, Daisy May Cressy, and also by her mother, Mrs. Cressy. Stirring speeches were made by the Chairman; also by Rev. Dr. Parker, Dr. Brown, Mr. Kellogg and others. These meetings promise much lasting good to the cause.

It was announced in Washington Hall, on Sunday, by Mr. Wilson, President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees a resolution was passed establishing a Building Fund for the Society, and that one hundred dollars were voted from the general fund as its corner stone. This is a step in the right direction, and we hope that the same success may attend the labors of the Society in this new move as have characterized its work heretofore. We hope they may not have to fight the battle alone, but that those Spiritualists who are able may come to their assistance and hasten the completion of this much desired object.

Messrs. O'Banion & Daignais, merchant tailors and clothiers, recently from San Jose, where they have long been known for fair dealing and first-class work, have just opened out a fine clothing establishment at 712 and 714 Market street, running through to Geary street. They not only keep a full line of ready made clothing, gents furnishing goods, etc., but are prepared to do custom work, and give the best of satisfaction as to quality and prices. The writer has known both of these gentlemen for many years, and unhesitatingly recommends them to all men who wear clothing. See their card elsewhere, to be followed by a larger advertisement next week, when their establishment will be in complete running order.

The more perishable productions of earth are set forth in richest and most attractive forms and colors, while those that are more enduring and so-called precious are either concealed for our finding or else covered by a rough exterior. The flowers and fruits are radiant in their tempting appearance, and like the hues of the rainbow they are ever vanishing. Minerals, that make the prosperity and happiness of the world, and the gems that adorn fair forms, lie deep in the dark ground. Great minds and mighty abilities are most often hidden under plain forms and a rustic garb. Dame Nature has tried to make an even distribution of her gifts, and when the world grows wiser it will be found to contain less useless humanity than to-day, for it will find that the great majority are good for something.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Stanley Hunter, author of the famous "Spoopendyke Papers," is dead.

The same state of affairs complained of by the *Pall Mall Gazette* is said to exist in Glasgow.

A Georgia man tried to cut the cords in the feet of his daughter, so that she could not imperil her soul by dancing.

At Yuma, A. T., one day last week, the thermometer stood at 125 degrees in the shade on the north side of a building.

Governor Stoneman has pardoned Henry G. Smith, sent to San Quentin from Merced for two years for illegally voting last November.

Miss Brown, of Concord, Massachusetts, graduated from the Harvard Annex with a higher average than that reached by any of her male competitors.

Alaska pays a greater revenue to the general government, in proportion to the population than any territory now or heretofore in existence in the United States.

The honey crop for this year in San Diego county is estimated on good authority at 2,177,500 pounds. This would equal 1,088 tons, or over 100 carloads.

Another Flushing, L. I., married man has been ducked in the village fountain by the Vigilance Committee for having remained out of his home after 11 o'clock P. M.

Arrangements have been made for putting on a daily line of steamers between San Diego and San Francisco as soon as the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad is completed.

John C. Fremont, now seventy-two, says that he camped where Chicago is, where Minneapolis is, and where Salt Lake City is, before there was a house at either place.

A drop of liquid auric chloride or argentic nitrate, mixed on a piece of glass with metallic zinc ar copper, will make an instantaneous growth of gold and silver ferns.

Miss Annie Lippincott, the daughter of "Grace Greenwood," of Philadelphia, is known on the operatic stage abroad by the pretty professional name of Anita Armour.

The States of Maryland, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon and West Virginia have no such officer as a Lieutenant Governor.

Edmund Hoyle, the patron saint of the old-fashioned whist players, was born over 200 years ago, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-seven, dying in Cavendish Square, London, in 1769.

Mr. Roe, the distiller, who spent $1,250,000 in restoring Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and built the National Synod Hall for the Irish Protestant Church, has fallen on evil times financially.

The tunnel at Big Bend, by which the Feather river is to be turned, is now 10,000 feet. It is to be 11,200 feet in length, and will dry the bed of the river for twelve miles. It is expected that very rich diggings will be developed.

In Rio Janeiro is a large and gloomy convent in which the wives of soldiers are confined during their husbands' absence. The barbarous custom is sanctioned by age, and one woman has been confined twenty-five long and dreary years.

The Los Angeles *Times* says: "Ex-Governor Pacheco of this State is the premier vaquero. He is now in the cattle business at Eagle Pass, where he manages a little ranch of 125,000 acres. He has been purchasing wire to fence in his ranch."

There are some thirty Postoffices mentioned by a Washington letter-writer as paying their incumbents less than $1 a year. The postmaster at Redalia, N. C., drew nine cents last year, but under the two-cent rate it is probable he will not receive more than six cents.

A branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, it is authoritatively stated, will be built through Riverside in time to handle the coming orange crop of that section. It will leave the main line at Pomona and make a curve through the Riverside valley, joining the parent road again at Colton.

Articles of incorporation of the First Spiritual Society of San Diego, have been filed for record. The corporation is formed "for religious, social, and benevolent purposes, the advocacy of truth, right, freedom of conscience and progress and protection in freedom." The corporation is to exist for fifty years. The trustees for the first year are: H. W. Gould, H. M. Bailey, John E. High, P. H. Trask and Mrs. H. C. Bushyhead. In addition to the foregoing the following names are signed to the document: W. E. High, N. S. Lockwood, Mrs. S. M. Brisco, Mrs. M. L. Bailey, A. D. Campbell, Mrs. Wm. H. King (medium), J. T. Hinkson, F. E. Johnson, Charlotte Johnson, Lewis, Post, Hannah H. Post, J. J. Hughes, Mary Hughes, H. B. Rice, Fernando Kies.

HARD ON HIS FRIENDS.

An Auckland paper reports Dr. York as giving, in one of his recent lectures, in that place, the following back-handed slap at Spiritualism:

Having before our eyes the evidences that all life has been evolved from lower, cruder forms, and that man is but the latest link in this grand chain of being, there was nothing to preclude the probability that this evolutionary process extended into more etherialized forms of life intangible to our grosser material senses. He, therefore, claimed no more for *Spiritualism* than *its probability on scientific grounds. As a religion it had no value in his eyes,* but as a fact from which a philosophy of life might be deduced to broaden, deepen, sweeten and purify the moral nature of man, it would be of considerable importance. *He shrank from a religion of Spiritualism,* however, for its mediums would become priests, and the system founded by them would be worse than Roman Catholicism, and ten thousand times worse than Methodism. *Professional mediumship was professional deviltry, and as jor the alleged materialization of spirits, he did not believe in it.* In fact, he was ready to admit that seventy-five per cent of the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism were the result of either self-delusion or deliberate fraud, but in the twenty-five per cent residuum *there was sufficient to engage the attention of science, and to render probable the existence of human intelligence in higher conditions of life.*

Now, is not our old friend aware that Spiritualists, and mediums especially, have been his truest friends and strongest supporters, wherever he has lectured in this country? Is it kind to call professional mediumship "professional deviltry?" His own estimable wife is an excellent medium for automatic writing, and does not the Doctor *know* that Spiritualism has something more than a "probability" to base its claims upon? In the work of "pulling down," in which the Doctor is engaged, we deeply regret that he should find it necessary to so go out of his way to cast a doubt over what we know he knows to be true.

A CALIFORNIA AUGUST.

The month of August seems to be the transition period of the year. It is a bad time to do any thing in, because all appears dead or dying, and a general indecision seems to attack every body. Every thing is brown and dingy with dust; the garden is dead, the flowers burned up, the grass brown, the sky dull and the horizon blotted out by the smoke of forest fires that never fail to break out in torrid August. It is a time when one contemplates great heights with intense pleasure; the thoughts of getting up and away from the level, pulverized earth is almost like an inspiration, and the mind takes wing on every little cloud that appears to vary the monotony of the placid sky.

We could welcome almost anything that would do this—a thunderbolt, earthquake or cyclone, we feel would bring new life by the general breaking up of the stagnent world around us. Easterners cannot appreciate this feeling and state of things, for the elements are there too lively, and we don't think all Californians will either, for in many sections there are plenty of phenomena to change the current of thought and impart new energy to the often monotonous course of a California Summer.

August is not altogether bad, but we are not sorry when it is gone. We prefer the more decided character of Autumn, in which the dull brown is turned to gold and the light mellowed.

ILLIBERAL LIBERALISM.

Spiritualism has no more illiberal opponents than some self-styled Liberalists. A communication from one of this class appears in a recent number of the Boston *Investigator*, in which all Spiritual mediums are denounced as cheats, and all believers in the phenomena as but little better than idiots. While the *Investigator*, in its editorial columns, is generally disposed to treat the philosophy of Spiritualism kindly, and to be generous in its reference to Spiritualists, yet it suffers its correspondents to speak most vilely thereof.

It is a strange misnomer to call such writers Liberalists. There is nothing liberal about them, except their magnitudinous display of ignorance and self conceit. They are, in fact, most intolerant bigots, without the least consideration for the opinion of others that in any manner clash with their own notions. They think they know, or think they think they know, that all religions are false; that there is no future life; and that all evidence to the contrary, however conclusive to others, is either no evidence at all, or pure jugglery.

Now, Spiritualists have but precious little in common with this class. They cannot affiliate with them even in the common efforts for the betterment of society and humanity, for the reason that they cannot afford to be continually outraged and abused in their most sacred convictions.

"GOLDEN GATE."

A new paper with the above name, made its advent in San Francisco, July 18th. It is an eight page, five column sheet, weekly, and the name of J. J. Owen, that veteran publisher and editor, standing at the head, assisted by Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, is sufficient guarantee of its character and success. Some journalists have taken Mr. Owen to task for the magnitude of the work he is engaged in, that of "a search for evidences of a life beyond"; but as all publishers of religious papers claim to be engaged in the same search, there seems to be no valid reason why Mr. Owen may not bend his energies in the same direction.

The initial number contains many good things, among them a sweet poem written for it by our own gifted California poetess, Madge Morris, entitled "The Golden Gate." We have captured it for the *Patrons* and hope all our readers will be charmed by the beautiful conceptions contained in the verses.

"How do you like the name?" asks Mr. Owen. Nothing could be prettier or more suggestive, and it is a wonder that no one in search of a name, has never appropriated it before.—*Cal. Patron and Agriculturist.*

The latest aspirant for journalistic recognition is the GOLDEN GATE, published by the veteran journalist, Mr. J. J. Owen, at San Francisco. The GOLDEN GATE is a journal "devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of the life beyond," and has evidently laid out for itself a vast field for labor. Mr. Owen is an enthusiast in the Spiritualistic cause, and evidently believes deeply in it, as his work indicates, and it is the addition of such men to its ranks that gives the cause influence. Aside from its Spiritualistic advocacy, however, the paper is an excellent one, well edited, handsomely printed, and filled with entertaining matter, and should meet with success. Its subscription price is $2.50 per year, and publication office 21 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco.—*San Bernardino Times.*

We are in receipt of the second number of the GOLDEN GATE, and from its contents feel safe in making the prediction that the GOLDEN GATE is to be one of the ablest papers in the country devoted to the advocacy of the Harmonial Philosophy.—*Social Drift.*

CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE: Permit me to correct an error in the statement in the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, that the meetings in the Metropolitan Temple are to be under the auspices of the First Spiritual Union. Mrs. Watson's ministrations in the Temple have been quite independent of any organization and will continue to be managed in the same manner as heretofore, although personal reasons will prevent my taking any active part in them. The mistake probably arose from the fact that I was President of the Society while presiding over the meetings. The prospects for the re-opening of the meetings by Mrs. Watson, September 6th, are very favorable, and persons desiring to secure eligible reserved seats would do well to make immediate application, in person or by mail, to my successor in the management, M. B. Dodge, 143 Fremont street. I congratulate you on the beautiful typographical make-up of your paper and the choice matter therein, and hope the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast will give you a liberal support.

Fraternally yours,

ALBERT MORTON.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

THOUGHT.

One cannot suppress thought, but most of it is mere idle musing; only a few think to a purpose, or have learned to concentrate their thoughts upon a single subject or theme and give a sensible, coherent view of the matter.

To the cultivated mind all the eye perceives produces intelligent and often profound reflections, while to the illiterate only those things of striking appearance attract attention. The greater the intelligence the wider and higher the range of thought. It is far easier for thought to plod the earth than to soar to heaven, but when once it has learned to fly it will never creep. Thought may be either master or servant, and is one or the other absolutely to every mind.

We must command our thoughts, or they will command us. There is no one who would not rather rule than be ruled; but, as to do the one requires effort and ability, while to be the other, needs only passive and indolent submission, it is plain to see where the majority stands and often why—the lack of effort, and perhaps inclination to make it.

Driving children to school is generally considered poor wisdom, yet it is very much the same as forcing sluggish thoughts into actions that would never rouse themselves if let alone. The culture of our own thoughts attracts kindred but superior thoughts from other minds, and thus it is impossible to decide what is original with any individual. Thought is a free agent. Because it serves us is no reason that it is ours. It goes to all whosoever will receive and give it expression. We do not believe the thoughts of to-day are original with the times, but old as mind itself, the antiquity of which is not precisely known.

They come to us in new guise and form, changed by the different media through which they have passed in their pilgrimage through the universe. As they go from each one of us to-day they are changed again, and so on forever. Their substance is the same, so persons are accused of plagairism. We do not intend to say that there is no literary theft going on in the world, but we do think many are thus charged who have only transcribed such ideas as come to them through their own mental organism by impressions.

In the earlier ages of our world's history, thoughts that would have enlightened and blest it, were not, save in few instances, permitted utterance. They have come to us since, from the higher spheres, and we call it the progression of the Nineteenth century. Ours is the benefit, but not all the credit should we claim.

M. PULSIFER.

Kind Words from a "High Private."

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

I have read the GOLDEN GATE since the opening number and am well pleased with it in all respects. I hail its advent as the promise of a brighter future for Spiritualism on this Coast. The Spiritualists of this State have long felt the need of such a journal, one which will defend them from unjust attack from without, and personal malice from within; one which will not only seek truth but spread it before its readers when found.

The cry of the masses is "Light, more light," therefore we trust that your policy will be prospective in its character, and that you will be able to unearth full many a gem from the dark corners and by-ways of life, thus enabling them to flash their bright rays of knowledge thenceforth unto the darkened minds of men. We greatly admire your frank and just treatment of Fred Evans. We approve of your method of procedure. The same treatment extended by you to others will insure you a great amount of satisfaction in coming time Ever go with your heart filled with earnestness and good will, that good spirits may attend you; exercise your own judgment, be critical in your investigations for truth, but when found speak of it as *you know* it though it should give your subscription list a slight relapse.

Mr. Evans is not the only young medium who has claims upon the thoughtful and well meaning. They can be found in every hamlet and village in the country. They need but honest sympathy and fair treatment to give them a place in society where they can exert a world of influence for good. But as I occupy a very humble position in society, and am wholly unknown to fame, I will not presume longer to advise my superiors, but trust that I may be considered worthy of being enrolled as a "high private" in your army of workers.

Let me suggest to my fellow-subordimates that we can do much in the aggregate by taking subscriptions for the GOLDEN GATE, and thus contribute our *mite* toward the general good. So turn to, lads, and help to set the *Gate* a swinging.

H. C. MONROE.

Telegraph Hill, August, 1885.

Pass it along; we mean the GOLDEN GATE. We hope every Spiritualist upon the Coast can have an opportunity to see the paper. We are sending sample copies to everybody we can hear of; but we can hear only of a few comparatively. Hence, unless subscribers wish to save their copies for binding, we hope they will pass them along to their friends. Spiritualism, on this Coast needs the GOLDEN GATE. We ought to have, and doubtless will have, ere long, a large circulation in other portions of the country; but for the present the paper must expect its support from the Pacific States. If the friends of the paper will help us, for the first few months, to extend its circulation, we have no doubt it will take care of itself henceforth.

Two ladies in San Jose have recently developed the slate-writing phase of mediumship. Next to full-form materialization, this we regard as one of the most satisfactory of all the many beautiful spiritual gifts that have come to humanity in these modern times. What can be more convincing or comforting than to hold a pair of slates solely in one's own hands, and receive therefrom a loving message in the old familiar hand-writing of some loved one passed to the other side? This has been the writer's experience many times.

Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward a higher and better estate.—*Jas. A. Garfield.*

A young lady rebukingly: "What is the worst, to lace tight or to get tight?" Really, we cannot answer the question. We never laced.

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again. You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

SOMETHING FOR CONSIDERATION.

[The following excellent article from a correspondent who signs himself "M" in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of Aug. 8th, we earnestly commend to the perusal of those self-conceited know-it-alls, the reporters for the daily press, and to spirit-grabbers and fraud-hunters generally:]

I wish to comment on some facts connected with Spiritualism that may have a greater significance than is usually attached to them, and to some of the surrounding circumstances which I believe are falsely interpreted. I shall first briefly allude to three cases that are typical of the classes to which they belong. A few years ago Prof. Crookes, of England, carefully undertook in a scientific way to investigate some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and gave special attention to that phase of manifestation called materialization. He did this at considerable risk of his reputation, and in the face of sneers and ridicule. He threw every safeguard about his work to prevent fraud and imposition. He conducted his experiments in his own house, under the most stringent test conditions. He chiefly employed for his materializing medium, Miss Florence Cook, and gave ample testimony in favor of her powers as a medium and to the genuineness of the materializations through her. A few years later this same lady, then having become Mrs. Corner, was exposed as a fraud at 38 Great Russell street, London. She was intercepted outside the cabinet, and her chair inside the cabinet found to be vacant. All the facts were detailed in the London *Times* by Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Von Buch, who had purposely gone to see and prove her up as a fraud.

A short time since a noted materializing medium of Missouri, whom thousands have visited and will visit again, was called upon by some conspirators and during the seance had aniline injected into his face while appearing at his cabinet window to personate a spirit. Nearly all Spiritualists are familiar with the trial that followed, and the mass of testimony educed both for and against the medium. Close upon this, Mrs. Miller, of Denver, was arrested in St. Louis for attempting to swindle, or obtaining money under false pretenses, while acting as a materializing medium. Her prosecutors had conspired to prove her a fraud before the seance took place at which the exposing was done. At her trial the testimony clearly proved that she was caught outside the cabinet, personating a spirit, and that her chair in the cabinet was vacant at the time. But in addition to this,—as at the Mott trial—testimony in her favor was brought forward by many sober-minded people, who vouched for the genuine character of the manifestations they had witnessed through her mediumship.

Now these cases are all very similar, and they are by no means exceptional. I believe Mrs. Miller, is honest. I have at a private residence where there was no opportunity for fraud, and I might add no amtosphere in which it could subsist, stood with my hand upon Mrs. Miller, she being on one side of me, while at the same time upon my other side stood a full-form materialized spirit, with whom I was conversing, while several other materialized hands were upon me. I saw as many as fifty materializations, sometimes two at once, in a single evening. Nine other persons present had equally good opportunity with myself to use their senses in verification of these facts. Notwithstanding this, I believe that Mrs. Miller was caught in St. Louis out side of the cabinet, and think likely that she will be so caught again if she continues to hold public seances. I believe that it was Mott who was standing in front of Lawrence, the aniline squirter, when Mott's face was besmeared with the dye.

How can these facts be reconciled with the integrity of the mediums or the truth of the manifestations in general? Any one who has seen hypnotized subjects knows that they can be made to unconsciously perform almost any thing, and could be employed as the means for crime even to the extent of murder. Mediums who serve for materializations are generally thoroughly hypnotized or thrown into unconscious trance, and become for the time, the mere mechanism by which the purposes of their controls are carried out; and those investigators who are determinedly anxious to see the medium instead of a spirit, and who prearrange their own thoughts as to what shall take place, should not be disappointed if they find reflected from the mirror they have brought, the kind of phenomena that they hoped would appear. There is a mental or soul law that has application to all such cases as have been cited. Those who seek truth in all seriousness will be served by the truth; and those who are determind to have fraud will gather the kind of fruit they go for. This is a law of assimilation that not even spirits will interfere with. To a large class truth is immaterial for they cannot use it for their own edification or the improvement of others. They are born self-sufficient and wise. They are acquainted with the universe instinctively known the occult laws of abysmal space. Of what value or consequence is the knowledge or power of the spiritual intelligences to them? They know in advance if a thing can be done or not, and, wise in their own conceit and destitute of all humility, they unhesitatingly pass on a fact without having seen it. No wonder that Mr. Eglinton declined to give a seance to such people.

Recently at a session of the Seybert Commission, one of the best slate-writing mediums sat for two hours without the scratch of a pencil; but as soon as two of the commission, who were very positive nothing would come, withdrew, a communication was written out. We have something similar to this in galvanism. All the elements are classed as electro-negative, or electro-positive. Suppose that we are going to electroplate with one of the metals, one that is very electro-positive. Our electric battery must be sufficiently strong to overcome the opposition or potential of the metal to be deposited; otherwise our battery will work backward, and no depositing of the metal can take place.

There is an analogous and more subtle law brought into activity when positive-minded skeptics set up an opposition to the operating power that is engaged in the phenomena of Spiritualism. We are told that at one locality Jesus could do no great works on account of the unbelief of the people; and the record shows that the magnitude of his labors was proportionate to the faith of those about him. Nothing can prosper in the presence of a sneer. Nature will not have her confidences violated or mocked at. In the adjustment of her relations to man, sincerity counts for as much and is as important of gravitation.

Said the landlady, pensively eyeing the healthy boarders: "These new potatoes cost just twice as much as the other kind."

"That's all right," responded the healthy boarder; "they are twice as good, and we eat twice as many of them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

J. J. Owen will give the opening discourse, Sunday, Aug. 16th. Subject, "The Hawaiian Islands." The lecture will be preceded by a recitation by Mrs. Owen. Mrs. J. J. Whitney will give tests from the rostrum.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library, in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.—This Society meets in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., each Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, and evening at eight o'clock. Dr. Wilson Dunlap, President; Dr. G. F. Perkins, Organist. This is the Christian branch of the Spiritualists; and many mediums are in harmony with them, among whom are Mrs. Maynard, Aitken, Perkins, Gentry and Hoffman.

THE MEDIUMS OF THE FIRST SPIRITUAL Association meet Sunday, Aug, 16th. at 2 p. m., in Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., for Spiritual culture and communion; opening address given by Mrs. S. Seip; spirit communications, value of meditation. Interesting phases of spirit presence demonstrated by other mediums. Music by Annie Kimball (nee Higgs), to close with tests, mental and ballot questions read and answered psychomtrically by Mrs. Seip. Friends, skeptics and strangers invited. Admission 10 cents.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL SPEAK AND FORM A large circle for development in Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, O'Farrell St., Sunday evening, Aug. 18th; good music and tests. Admission ten cents.

LAUREL HALL, 34 O'FARRELL STREET. School of Psychic Culture at 11 a. m., conducted by Mrs. Anna Kimball; 8 p. m., lecture by George Chainey.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXPERIENCES OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

[We give below the fourth chapter of experiences furnished for the Philadelphia *North American* by the veteran Spiritualist, Thomas R. Hazard.]

On Wednesday, June 5th, I called at 2 P. M., with a lady friend at 590 Seventh avenue, New York, by appointment, to attend a materializing seance with Mrs. Joseph Caffray. Mrs. Caffray's cabinet stands just within the back parlor, the curtain opening on a line with the folding doors into the front room. Mrs. Caffray seemed quite fatigued, she having held a seance on the evening before, and the manifestations were probably in consequence by no means remarkable on this occasion. The proper modicum of light being secured by turning down the gas, "Tiger face Jim," the medium's chief Indian control, was the first form that appeared, clothed in the same picturesque dress, and with his unmistakable long coarse black hair hanging down on each side of his face, as he had shown himself to me in full daylight in the absence of his medium the day before, which unusual feat the Indian was probably enabled to accomplish only through the most favorable conditions with the aid of what remained of mysterious aura that had been imparted to the atmosphere of the cabinet by the medium previous to her leaving it. Let me say just here once for all that I have seldom, if ever, known a first-class medium for the demonstration of spiritual phenomena of any kind who did not number among their spirit-controllers one or more Indian guides. I might fill columns with reasons and theories explaining why this is so, but will content myself with merely stating that thirty years' experience with hundreds of mediums has fully convinced me that such is the fact. Next to the Indian came two of my daughters and my wife in succession of each and all of whose identity I have not a doubt, although the dimness of the light, added to a still greater lack in the distinctness of feature, would prove an insurmountable obstacle to my testifying to the fact before a judicial tribunal.

One of my daughters presented me with a not quite full-blown double red rose, emblematic in spirit-parlance of deep affection the other handing the lady with me another similar to it, whilst my wife, who came last, presented me with a large, full-blown, red rose, as compact as a dahlia, emblematic of superabounding affection. The hue of all the roses was of the deepest scarlet and their fragrance supreme, qualities that I was better prepared to appreciate from the fact that I had recently returned from the happy valley of Rasselas and Santa Barbara, which, as is well known, constitutes but one great *partérre* of everblooming flowers, whose brilliancy and fragrance, however, do not compare favorably in those respects with the products of more northern climes. That spirit chemists have the power to form flowers such as roses, pinks and lilies by the systematic aggregation of the necessary elements elicited from the atmosphere, and to imbue them with corresponding odors, I know to be a fact, as I have witnessed the performance of such feats in divers instances, wherein pinks, roses and lilies have been formed in a good light, in the palm of my own open hand, the spirit-artist's hand and fingers being plainly in view the whole time the performance was progressing to entire completion. But spirits, as a general rule, seem to prefer flowers they design to bring to their earth friends, of natural growth, and to obtain them from neighboring gardens and codservatories, with a singular disregard of *meum et tuum* rights. There seems to be, however, one singular fact connected with the spirits' theft of flowers: Of the many hundreds I have had handed or showered upon me by unseen friends, I have never observed one that has been severed by an edged instrument, they always apparently having been broken, wrung or twisted from the parent stem. I may add, in this connection, that I have known quite a large apartment to be filled with the most delightful fragrance, without any visible cause save an unusual suffusion of moisture on one of the medium's hands who chanced to be present.

As being germane to the subject, I may say that it is generally conceded by my spirit-friends that my wife is called in the better land by the pet name of "The Star." On scores of occasions when I have held seances with mediums, some of whom I had never sat with or seen before, they would remark, "Your Star is here." In countless instances her presence used to be made known to me during my earlier experiences, in the absence of any medium, in the shape of a bright star. It was my wife's practice for some years after my convincement of the truths of Modern Spiritualism, to greet me after my retirement for the night with three taps on the wall at the head of my bed that sounded like drops of water gently falling on a board. This well-known sign would be quickly followed by a bright little star appearing directly in front of my eyes. After the materialzation of spirit-forms commenced, she often presented herself to me with a star on her forehead. But never in all my experiences did I witness so striking an exhibition of the kind as was presented to me by my wife on the occasion of my last seance with Mrs. Caffray, when she presented herself to me with a star on her forehead, rivaling in apparent dimensions and brilliancy the planets Jupiter and Venus. After my spirit-family retired quite a number of forms claiming to have been known to me in earth-life were presented among whom were Dr. John Gray, the pioneer Homeopathist physician; Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, and George W. Danielson, late editor of the *Providence Journal*, neither of whom, however, succeeded in making up their earth-likeness in recognizable form, excepting perhaps, Senator Anthony, whose facial features, I thought, did somewhat resemble those he wore in earth life. The last spirit that materialized was little Johnny Gray, the Boston newsboy, who is a widely-known attendant and familiar spirit of both Mr. and Mrs. Caffray's circles. I had known Johnny before, and he bounced out of the cabinet in great glee, and seizing me by one hand, led me all around and about the large front parlor, chatting with me in street Arab slang and witty repartee as we went. Some year or more ago, whilst I was attending one of the Caffray's dark seances in physical manifestations, I neglected to remove my overshoes, and called upon Johnny who was present, to take them off and put them by the door, which he did, and where I found them at the close of the circle. Johnny now reminded me that I had never paid him for that job and demanded a nickel for the service, which I readily handed him. This, however, he soon returned to me with the remark that he would leave the money in my hands on interest. I feel confident that no stranger to the phenomena could have been present and doubted little Johnny Gray being a real, mortal street Arab.

It was now little Patience's turn, who is a very important acecssory to Mrs. Caffray's circles, and takes an active and highly useful part in the materialization of the forms. Patience is very fond of sugar-plums, but whether she eats them in her own proper person or by proxy through her occult connection with the medium, I never could learn, as their mastication or munching is always conducted behind the cabinet curtain. A year or more ago, when I attended my last seance with the Caffrays, I gave Patience quite a lot of assorted candies, keeping a few pieces in my own possession, among which was a large, red sugar-plum, which Patience managed to get into her possession by some hocus-pocus sleight-of-hand unknown to me, on several occasions and as often returned it to me. Finally I placed the big plum in the bottom of a hat that stood beside me and then challenged Patience to get it without her being detected by me in the act. I kept my eye steadily on my hat, but nevertheless Patience soon held the plum up to me as a trophy of victory. Said I: "Give me back my plum." This Patience refused to do, but said she would return it to me before I got home. Caffray was then located somewhere in the East Forties, near Third Avenue, more than a mile from the St. Denis Hotel where I was staying. I now forgot all about the sugar-plum; but when I got out of the Third Avenue car at Tenth street, opposite the St. Denis, on putting my hand into my coat pocket I found the missing sugar-plum there. Whilst at the Caffrays on that occasion we held for a few minutes a totally dark circle. My wife came and placed the fingers of one hand on my forehead. As she did so, bright lights emanated from each of her finger ends, by means of which I could distinctly see her materialized hand up to the wrist. I understood from her that the light that emanated from her finger ends constituted the healing aura by which the cure of desease was accomplished by the manipulating process practiced by modern mediums, which was the same as the "laying on of hands" in the olden time. I now asked my wife to repeat a phenomenon I had known done before, by which the number of our spirit-children, together with herself, should be indicated. Immediately eight bright lights were extemporized, which is the exact number of my family in the spirit world.

Questions and Answers.

[Banner of Light Free Circle.]

Ques.—A speaker said lately that the mistakes of our lives are the steps to heaven—that every fall is made toward the throne. How is it from your standpoint?

Ans.—While we recognize a truth in this statement of the "speaker," we would have it presented to your acceptance in a different form. The mistakes of your lives that bring to you valued experience through their effects, and develop strength of character, endurance, and point you, through suffering, toward a higher, a broader pathway of life, may prove to be eventually stepping-stones toward heaven. We cannot say that every fall is toward the throne, but we can assert that every *rise* after a fall may prove to be heavenward. He who goes astray, but through deep contrition gains experience that is for the unfoldment of his soul powers, and struggles manfully to his feet after the fall, and determines, with all the will-force of his nature, that he will retrace his steps, rises toward "the throne." He who falls constantly, and is not ashamed of his wrong-doing, but continues in it in spite of the consequences, takes steps only toward the kingdom of unhappiness, and eventually he will suffer deep sorrow for the evil he has performed.

SHALL THE PHENOMENA STOP?

[Banner of Light.]

An English writer who is closely observing current events and opinions in the ranks of Spiritualists, is inclined to deprecate the disposition of some, who, because they have had enough of the phenomena of Spiritualism to fully convince themselves of the truth, and place their own feet on a solid foundation wherefrom they can look into the future and see a positive assurance that another life awaits them at the close of this, are declaring that all forms of physical manifestations, even those of the most advanced order, the independent voice, slate-writing and materialization, should be done away with as of no value to mankind. "Why multiply facts?" they ask. "We have enough of them; give us what they are meant to teach." There is, to our way of thinking, an immeasurable degree of selfishness in taking such a view of the subject. Were all the world as satisfied of the truths these phenomena are given to teach as they who would abrogate them are, not a single human being on the face of the whole earth skeptical in regard to the fact of a future existence, some extenuation might be allowed for the position they assume to hold. But we know it is far otherwise; we know that only an infinitesimal portion of earth's inhabitants, comparatively, have received the inestimable blessings these phenomena are designed to bestow, and that to decry them at the very threshold of their entrance upon their mission because *we* have reaped the advantage of their coming, is only to exhibit a shallow reasoning, a fathomless depth of ingratitude and an "inhumanity to man" that would not hesitate to make "countless thousands mourn" by such a deprivation.

We do not throw away the alphabet and bid it "good-bye" when we have learned to read and write, because we know it will be indispensable to us in all our future acquirements. For a similar reason we cannot put aside the phenomena at any period of our attainment of spiritual knowledge; as we advance they will advance with us to greater and still greater perfection. Therefore we say, *Let the phenomena continue;* let us give the best of conditions—those that the invisible but potent workers in spirit-life suggest as best adapted to their purpose; welcome with thankfulness every manifestation from what, through familiarity, we are disposed to call "the simple rap"—as though the stars were "simple" because they are familiar to our sight—to the perfect materialized form of our dearest friends, who, having passed the rubicon of death's shallow stream, have discovered a method by which they can return to us, be seen by us, and hold sweet converse with ul, as they did in days that are no more.

We feel that the power of spirits to produce phenomena has only foreshadowed itself. What they have done has been done despite almost insurmountable obstacles thrown in their way, and the bitter opposition of selfishness, bigotry and ignorance, than which none could possibly be more resistless. Instead of restricting, let us enlarge the field of their operations; instead of hampering, let us give them greater liberty; instead of assuming to teach our teachers, let us willingly and gratefully be taught by them, and we shall ere long witness manifestations of spirit-power and intelligence of which few if any of the most sanguine of believers have now the remotest conception.

DO SPIRITS RETURN?

[Oshkosh (Wis.) Times.]

"As stated in these columns, a few days ago, the Spiritualists claim to have a following in this country of over 12,000,000 believers. Making all allowance for exaggeration in such a claim, it is patent that the number of believers in the doctrine of the recognizable return of disembodied spirits to this earth has grown very largely during the last few years, With the ordinary Spiritualist this belief has come to be a religion. With some of those who claim to be more advanced, the belief takes the form of a science, and with others that of a philosophy; but the advanced disciples reject the term religion altogether, as applied to their faith.

Whether a man believe or disbelieve, a faith which attracts such a great army of followers is worthy of honest, unprejudiced investigation. Neither denunciation at the hands of theologians of regular schools, nor poohpoohing and ridicule from laymen will settle the question which Spiritualism raises, nor break the large and growing influence which the faith has in the community. When Spiritualism was in its infancy its followers were often objects of suspicion and of ridicule, and no little of real persecution was meted out to some of them. Such influence, of course, aided its growth. But, with that charity which comes with greater liberality of thought and with its progress of a higher civilization, the community is ready and willing to let the new faith work its way in its own merits. The position of the general community toward the Spiritualists is agnostic. As a rule, thoughtful men, instead of decrying the faith, simply say, 'We don't know' when asked whether there is truth in the doctrine of the return of spirits. There is no longer any fear of Spiritualism on the part of the great mass of the community, and, consequently, there is no more persecution for its followers.

With the removal of all that spirit which can place the believer in the new faith in the position of being martyrs, a powerful incentive to the work of the believer is removed. The result will be that unprejudiced minds will, hereafter, view the progress of Spiritualism with that interest which attaches to the growth of any other faith, whose workings are not feared; and in such minds the belief will be judged chiefly in the light of the answer to the question, 'What practical good, if any, is wrought by Spiritualism toward bettering the condition of humanity?'"

THE SPIRITS IN CLEVELAND.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A city hall official, who has in some degree the strange power of producing table manifestations, sat at a table alone, with his hands upon it, and presently the raps began. He asked if there were spirits present, and was answered that there were.

Will they spell out their names?

Yes.

Calling over the alphabet slowly, there came a rap when the letter J was reached, another at O, another at H, and another at N. Continuing, the name of an old friend was spelled out that the gentleman had not seen or heard from in twenty years, and did not know whether he was dead or alive.

When did you die?

By raps. In 1873.

Where?

In a certain county in Illinois.

The gentleman, remembering that the individual in question had a brother residing in the state of New York, wrote him subsequently, inquiring if his brother John was dead, and if so, when and where he died. He received an answer that John was dead; that he died at the place and time declared by the rappings on the table.

There could be no mind reading about that. And if it was not the spirit of the dead friend that communicated, who or what was it?

In a family residing on Woodland avenue, a little girl was playing not long ago with a playmate from a neighbor's family. They were playing at a small center-table, and the little girls noticed presently that when one of them put her hand on the table it would lift up and down, and they finally called others of the family to witness the strange behavior of the table. After experimenting some time, the little girl climbed upon the table, saying, "Now let's see if you can move." To their astonishment the table began to move along the floor with the little girl on it. She jumped off saying, "Now move of yourself, if you can," The table started off, moving across the floor no one touching it. "If you can move so well," said the little girl's mother, "move into the next room and kiss the baby, in the crib there." To their amazement the table started off, moved across the floor through the door into the room where the babe was sleeping in the crib, and tipped up its edge as close to the baby's face as it could get.

Now, upon what philosophy can this behavior of the table be explained? Without going any further into the phenomena of Spiritualism, or discussing what are put forward as higher manifestations, how are these elementary raps and movements to be satisfactorily explained or accounted for?

At all events there is a field here for honest investigation.

MINISTRATION OF THE DEPARTED.

[A writer (Mrs. H. B. Stowe,) several years ago, in the "New York Evangelist," argued the possibility and probability of a communion with the spirits of the departed as follows:]

"In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing their voices, cheered by their smile—death and the spiritual world are to us remote, misty and fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on the hill side of life, the soul by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this. For with every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend; till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world, in successive portions, half his own spirit; and poor indeed is he who has not familiarized himself with that *unknown*, whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending. One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the vail, is for some assurance that they still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expresses it: "Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship and ministration of departed spirits a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

"But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none here? Is there no sober certainty to correspond to the inborn and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed spirits, in verity, retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes?

"All that revelation says of a spiritual state, is more intimation than assertion—it has no distinct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague glorious images, while now and then some accidental ray of intelligence looks out,

——like eyes of cherubs shining
From out the vail that hid the ark.

"But out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inferential argument might be constructed, to prove the ministration of departed spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed in its day for the height of orthodoxy.

"First, then, the Bible distinctly says that there is a class of invisible spirits who minister to the children of men. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?' It is said of little children, that 'their angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven.

"This last passage, from the words of our Savior, taken in connection with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian spirits.

"It is strangely in confirmation of this idea, that in the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master, we find him attended by two spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, 'which appeared with him in glory, and spake of his death which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.'

"It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling in deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future.

* * * * * * * *

"Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, 'there is lifting up?'"

DR. MacLENNAN'S LATEST ENTERPRISE.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF THE MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

His Magnificent Health Resort on Octavio Street—A Marvel of Elegance and Comfort.

The march of progress in the healing art is well illustrated by the success of those who have struck out from the beaten path of old fogydom and instituted new specialties which amerliorate and cure the various ills that poor human flesh is heir to. A notable instance of this success is the case of Dr. A. MacLennan, at 1410 Octavio street. The Doctor came to this city unheralded by any spasmodic announcements, and set himself quietly to work out his destiny by the merit of his deeds. His frequent cures soon brought him into conspicuous notice, and clients poured in upon him to such an extent as to test the limits of his office. In time his quarters became entirely too small for him properly to administer his practice. Impelled thereto, therefore, by necessity, he has just finished the enlargement of his house, until now it stands a beautiful three-story building, commodious and handy in the extreme for his business, and an architectural ornament to the neighborhood. First as you enter, is the spacious reception-room into which any morning at about 10 o'clock anxious sufferers congregate to have their cases examined. Connected therewith are the consultation room and library, and immediately off these and to the rear are the operating-room and dressing-room. These rooms all connect with each other in such a way as to be the most handy for the physician's work, while at the same time maintaining a proper professional privacy. The finish of the house is in the first style of mechanic art. A Harvey heater warms the house throughout, the temperature being under control and regulated to the necessities of the weather and the inmates. In every room are hot and cold water. Etruscan paper beautifies and lights up the walls, while embossed and cathedral glass windows give soft ministerial light within. The gas-fixtures are of Eastlake pattern, of classic design and skilled in finish. Taking the house throughout, it is perfect in all its appointments, and could not be better arranged for all the purposes of a consulting and healing physician. The experience acquired by Dr. MacLennan in his long practice has taught him just what is necessary for the comfort and welfare of the sick, and the liberality of the public in its patronage has enabled him to embody in his home a perfect sanitarium for the afflicted. His wife, too, proves herself a most useful auxiliary in the reception and entertainment of visitors to the Doctor's rooms, giving to the ladies that patient and considerate attention which they generally find it so difficult to secure from male practioners. Thus equipped with all the appliances of a perfect house, and with the able assistance of his wife, the Doctor continues to perfect those cures which are the surprise of the profession. As a successful magnetic physician his fame is already established. His wonderful cures are attested by certificates which he stands ready to exhibit to any and all requiring them. Many of the most eminent men in this community—men who usually refuse to certify either to a patent medicine or a doctor's cure—have borne testimony to Dr. MacLennan's wonderful treatment in their own cases. He takes the most hopeless cases and cures them after all other means have failed. For the thorough treatment and quick cure of all curable diseases without the use of poisonous drugs, painful surgery or dangerous handling, he stands pre-eminent in the profession. Capitalists, professional men, crippled invalids and even patients on crutches have gone from his ministrations, sounding his praises far and wide for the good results he has achieved in their cases. Now in his new home, with his increased facilities, he will continue to treat successfully all who come with trust in his manipulation. The office is 1410 Octavia street, between Geary and Post streets.

Velocipedes of every kind have been expelled from the streets of Berlin by an ordinance of the police, the legality of which has been upheld by the Prussian Court of Common Pleas; to which some owners of bicycles and tricycles appealed.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH J. H. MOTT.

[T. J. Haughey, in Spiritual Offering.

We, the sitters, eight of us, met there by chance. They were all strangers to me. Two ladies came together, and were relations. One man came with his wife. The balance were strangers to each other, four women and four men. Mr. Mott took his seat inside the cabinet in a large bamboo easy chair. Mrs. Mott sat on the lounge with her music-box near the door of the cabinet. In the upper part of the cabinet door is a square orifice, some sixteen inches square, over which a light curtain is suspended. We are seated alternate, men and women, in a semi-circle, facing this curtain. The lamp is lowered to a dim twilight; the music-box begins its soothing tones; the curtain parts, and a living face is seen by us all. Mrs. Mott at once rises and says: "This is General Bledsoe, Mr. Mott's control." Then each sitter is invited forward, one at a time, to be introduced to the General; each time the head bows gallantly; then the curtain drops and words are spoken audibly, in a whisper, by General Bledsoe. I was invited and went forward, and was introduced; a fine, portly, commanding face was before me, and I saw at the same moment the medium in his chair. Bledsoe asked me, in a whisper, "Were you a soldier?" I answered "Yes." "Were you a Confederate?" "No, Union." "I was a Confederate. I did all in my power to establish a Confederacy. I fell in the struggle. Our cause was lost. I now know that we were wrong. I honor a true soldier. I am glad to meet a brave, true man on either side. God bless you, my friend! Here is an old soldier friend of yours. He is able to speak for himself. Here is a lady friend of yours and his, and here is a young man. As you were a soldier I feel a special interest in you, and will do anything I can for you to-night or at any future time. Come and see us again and often." I thanked the General and took my seat. When I was again called I stood face to face with my old captain. The same stern, inflexible, dignified face. He said: "Tom, what became of my fine dress coat?" I said: "Cap. we sent it home to your wife with the other things." He said: "She is here with me. Where is my watch?" "Nettie has it Cap. it was all mutilated with the bullets." "Where is my sword?" "That is in my office. Call in sometime and give me a sample of your sabre exercise." "Well, Tom, I am glad you came here. God bless you, good bye." I took my seat. Again I was called, and I stood face to face with my captain and his wife, who was once my wife. She smiled sweetly, and with her left hand threw kisses at me. The face of my captain gradually melted away, then the curtains dropped; then again the curtain parted and she was smiling and throwing kisses at me.

The curtain dropped, and I turned to take my seat, but again the curtain opened and here a pale, thin face was presented. I said, "I don't know that face"; the curtain dropped, then opened at once; and the same face with a white handkerchief tied over her head, her long, taper fingers placed on the sill of the aperture. I exclaimed "my mother!" and the form vanished. My mother died in Arkansas in 1840. I had forgotten the features, but not the way she used to wear the white handkerchief with the knot under the chin. Now each sitter that night got some revelation that seemed to do them good. One lady from Iowa told me the revelations she had were simply startling. Her father and her husband were both seen at the same moment by us all. She was too much agitated to look at the faces at all. Her father told her to be brave, to conquer her nervousness, and that he would appear in full form outside the cabinet. We paid, each of us, $1.50 for the entertainment, and parted with our host and hostess, feeling thankful that nature is so kind to give to each soul a conscious immortality, that she has not arbitrarily arranged any eternal separation. I inwardly bless human nature, and take courage to prosecute my earthly journey. I must express a regret that all have not an opportunity to visit this medium and witness for themselves this divine phenomena.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Well-diggers in Dakota hunt for ant-hills. The wise insects always locate over a vein of water.

Mrs. Grant, it is said, means to live in New York. What could be more natural than that she should want to have her husband buried near at hand?

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snapped a young lady at the conductor of an over-crowded street car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss," said the bell-ringer. And the lady hung on to a strap and rode four miles futher with the smile of an angel.

This is the way a N. Y. Sun correspondent describes the glorious July climate back there: "Hot! It is so hot that my blood boils within me till my hat dances on my head like an infuriated teakettle lid. I can hear my soul sloshing around like a teacupful of scalding grease in an empty washboiler every time I move.

A French physician writes on the advantages of groaning and crying for the relief of pain from accidents and operations. He says those who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover than those who endeavor to suppress any manifestation of emotion; and he tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 126 to 60 per minute, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his feelings. This is in accordance with the experience that distress is often allayed by going aside and having a good cry over it.

Blessed is the man who has a sunny, comfortable temperament which leads him to look on the best side of others, to ascribe good motives to others' acts when it is as easy and reasonable to do so as to ascribe evil motives; to speak words of encouragement and cheer, instead of uncomfortable words.

Gen. Drum says that 2,772,366 men enlisted in the Union army, including reenlistments, and official statistics give 359-496 as the number who died in the service, but the statisticians have not ventured an estimate as to the number of veterans who still survive. There were 1,000,516 men in the army at the end of the war, and the pension list now contains 300,000 names.

The Denver *News* gives an account of some curious experiments made upon a dog, which consisted of bleeding him to death, and after he had been apparently dead, stiff and cold over three hours, adopting restorative means which proved successful in bringing him back to life. These means were artificial respiration, transfusion of blood, a warm bath and a drink of hot water. Such an experiment, though not pleasant to read about in detail, is very important if the result was truly as reported.

Hamilton Wilcox, M. S., LL.D., has been making researches which show that in the making and repealing of laws in the State of New York, there is left no statue to prevent women from voting. Women's voting bands are said to be forming in New York city and elsewhere, and all women are urged to assert their rights to the ballot. A book, issued by Mr. Wilcox on the subject, has attracted the attention of the law-makers in Albany, and has been quite extensively noticed by the press. Gen. Husted and other leading members of the New York Legislature, are said to endorse Mr. Wilcox's position on this subject.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down holiest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace, and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep!

—*Eloise Dare*

But this is not all, dear Eloise Dare;
There's a world of recompense "over there,"
Where the beautiful spirit shall hasten to meet
The "beautiful faces" and "beautiful feet,"
Of the "loved and lost" who have gone before
To their beautiful home on the shining shore.

—*Golden Gate Machine Poet.*

THE END.

There is one end, and only one,
For all the sons of men;
All life drifts that way, once begun,
As rivers to the ocean run.
Remember this, and when
(Following the millions gone before)
Thy voyage, or long or short, is made,
Be not disheartened, nor afraid,
For thou art come to shore.
If life continue there to be
(And why not there as here?)
Powers will be there protecting thee,
To whom good deeds are dear.
But if life be not there, and then
Thou art no worse off than greater men—
Than is ths sage Hippocrates,
Who could not cure his own disease;
Than Pompesus, Caius Cæsar are,
Who wrapt the lands in clouds of war,
And added to their dark renown
By burning conquered cities down;
And in whose battles, won in vain,
The earth was cumbered with the slain
Of cavalry and infantry;
They like the meanest had to die!
Accept the end, then, since thou must,
And if thou nothing are but dust,
'Tis something to lay down the oar
And feel thou shalt not labor more.

—*Independent.*

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death.
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
And life all-pure is love, and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change;
A dear communion that will not grow strange;
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all-fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,
She's thine unto the end!

Thank God for one dear friend,
With faith still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE HAVEN.

When the dangerous rocks are past,
When the threatening tempests cease,
O, how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace!

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear,
Brightly beam its light as one—
Blest to find his refuge there.

There he paints the joyous band—
Friends and family—what more?
"Bliss! he cries, thou hallowed land!"
And he springs upon the shore.

Life! thou art the storm—the rocks,
Death! the friendly port thou art—
Haven from the tempest's shocks,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yea! I see from yonder tomb,
Promised peace and tranquil rest;
Death! my haven, I shall come,
Soothe me on thy mother's breast.

—*Karamsin.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE COMMA.

In his court King Charles was standing on his head a golden crown
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown
Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands were jewels bright
Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight
Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten feet long
Were their trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout and strong
In a bower of fragrant roses the musicians now complete
Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the fragrance sweet
See the Queen how sad and tearful as the King cuts off her head
One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes she was dead.

—*Ex.*

ON THE SHORE.

Look off, dear love, across the the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea;
And long they kiss, in sight of all the lands!
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done!
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart.
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands;
O Night, divorce our sun and sky apart—
Never our lips, our hands!

—*Sidney Lanier.*

"HELL" OR "SHEOL."

Col. Ingersoll's Views of the Revised Edition.

[Boston Evening Record.]

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was corralled by a *Record* reporter, lately, and asked if he had read the revised Testament. He replied, "Yes, but I don't believe the work has been fairly done. The clergy are not going to scrape the butter off their own bread. The clergy are offensive partisans, and those of each denomination will interpret the Scriptures their way. No Baptist minister would countenance a 'revision' that favored sprinkling, and no Catholic priest would admit that any version would be correct that destroyed the dogma of the 'real presence.' So I might go through all the denominations."

"Why was the word sheol introduced in the place of hell, and how do you like the substitute?"

"The civilized world has outgrown the vulgar and brutal hell of their fathers and founders of the churches. The clergy are ashamed to preach about sulphurous flames and undying worms. The imagination has been developed, the heart has grown tender, and the old dogma of eternal pain shocks all civilized people. It is becoming disgraceful either to preach or believe in such a beastly lie. The clergy are beginning to think that it is hardly manly to frighten children with a detected falsehood. Sheol is a great relief. It is not so hot as the old place. The nights are comfortable and the society is quite refined. The worms are dead, and the air reasonably free from noxious vapors. It is a much worse word to hold a revival with, but much better for everyday use. It will hardly take the place of the old word when people step on tacks, put up stoves or sit on pins; but for use at church fairs, and mite societies, it will do about as well. We do not need revision, excision is what we want. The barbarism should be taken out of the Bible. Passages upholding polygamy, wars of extermination, slavery and religious persecution should not be attributed to a perfect God. The good that is in the Bible will be saved for man, and man will be saved from the evil that is in the book. Why should we worship in God what we detest in man?"

"Do you think the use of the word sheol will make any difference to the preachers?"

"Of course it will make no difference with Talmage. He will make sheol just as hot and smoky and uncomfortable as hell, but his congregation will laugh instead of tremble. The old shudder has gone. Beecher had demolished hell before sheol was adopted. According to his doctrine of 'Evolution,' hell has been slowly growing cool. The cindered souls do not even perspire. Sheol is nothing to Mr. Beecher but a new name for an old mistake. As to the effect it will have upon Heber Newton, I cannot tell, neither can he, until he asks his bishop. There are people who believe in witches and madstones, and fiat money, and centuries hence it may be that people will exist who will believe as firmly in hell as Dr. Shedd does now."

"What about Beecher's sermons on evolution?"

"Beecher's sermons on evolution will do good. Millions of people believe that Mr. Beecher knows at least as much as the other preachers, and if he regards the Atonement as a dogma with a mistake for a foundation, they may conclude that the whole system is a mistake. But whether Beecher is mistaken or not, people know that honesty is a good thing, that gratitude is a virtue, that industry supports the world, and that whatever they believe about religion they are bound by every conceivable obligation to be just and generous. Mr. Beecher can no more succeed in reconciling science and religion, than he could in convincing the world that triangles and circles are exactly the same. There is the same relation between science and religion that there is between astronomy and astrology, between alchemy and chemistry, between orthodoxy and common sense."

"Have you read the reports from London about the recent exposures of vice?"

"I have never read the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If the charges are made in good faith the editor is in the right. Virtue does not live on ignorance, and vice flourishes in the dark. All the guilty parties will object to the publication, but I see no reason why good people should. If the charges are true they ought to have been published. I know, in a general way, what the facts are claimed to be, and nothing could be more horrible."

"Have you read Miss Cleveland's book? She condemns George Eliot's poetry on the ground that it has no faith in it, nothing beyond. Do you imagine she would condemn Burns or Shelley for that reason?"

"I have not read Miss Cleveland's book, but if the author condemns the poetry of George Eliot, she has made a mistake. There is no poem in our language more beautiful than 'The Lovers,' and none loftier or purer than 'The Choir Invisible.' There is no poetry in the 'beyond.' The poetry is here—here in this world, where love is, in the heart. The poetry of the beyond is too far away, a little too general. Shelley's skylark was in our skies, the daisy of Burns grew on our ground, and between that lark and that daisy is room for all the real poetry of the earth."

SILK CULTURE.

[P. S. Dorney in Golden Era.]

The California Silk Culture Association was organized November 18th, 1880. It was organized for the purpose of promoting the silk culture interest of California.

A bill, formulated by the Association, was brought before the Legislature of 1883. In the fate of that bill the ladies of the Association displayed deep concern, and under the leadership of Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon many of the most energetic repaired to the capitol where they labored well and faithfully to secure its passage.

But few of the assembled Solons could at first be induced to lay serious hold of the project, and the ladies found a more difficult task than they had anticipated. It was a "woman's measure," and the pinheads and puppies chuckled and smirked. Blockheads were unable to comprehend the importance of the bill, and tools shrugged their shoulders and declared there was "nuthin' in it."

Tools and blockheads are surprisingly plentiful in the halls of legislation and usually display the flippant puppyism that always characterizes a beggar on horseback.

Thanks to the pluck and energy of Mrs. Gordon and her lieutenants the bill was passed by a scratch, and became a law on March 15th, 1883. It provided for the appointment of nine persons who should constitute a State Board of Silk Culture, five of whom should be members of the Ladies Silk Culture Association.

The Board was appointed and consisted of the following persons: Dr. C. A. Buckbee, Mrs. J. C. Carr, W. B. Ewer, and R. J. Trumbull for two years; and Mrs. E. B. Barker, Prof. E. W. Hilgard, Mrs. T. H. Hittell, Mrs. F. M. Kimball and Mrs. H. B. Williams, for the term of four years.

This Board was legislated out of office by the passage of a supplemental act, March 18th, 1885. This act provided for a board of seven, three of whom should be members of the Ladies Silk Culture Association. The Board now consists of Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, President; G. W. T. Carter, Vice-President; R. H. McDonald, Jr., Treasurer; Mrs. Louise Rienza, A. F. Saufrignon, Edw. Carlsen and Mrs. M. E. Chase.

As it now stands the Board may be considered an effective one. The President, Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, is a lady of marked individuality. She was born in 1831, the second daughter of Joel Stockwell, the oldest settler of Genessee Valley, New York, and has spent, in California, the better part of a busy and useful life.

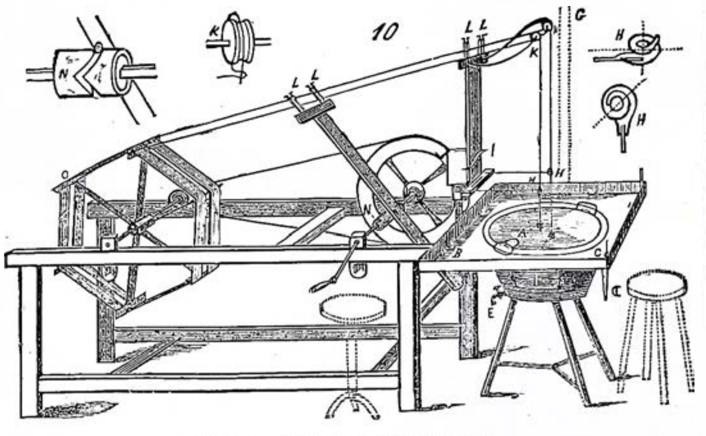


MRS. OLIVE M. WASHBURN,
President California State Board of Silk Culture.

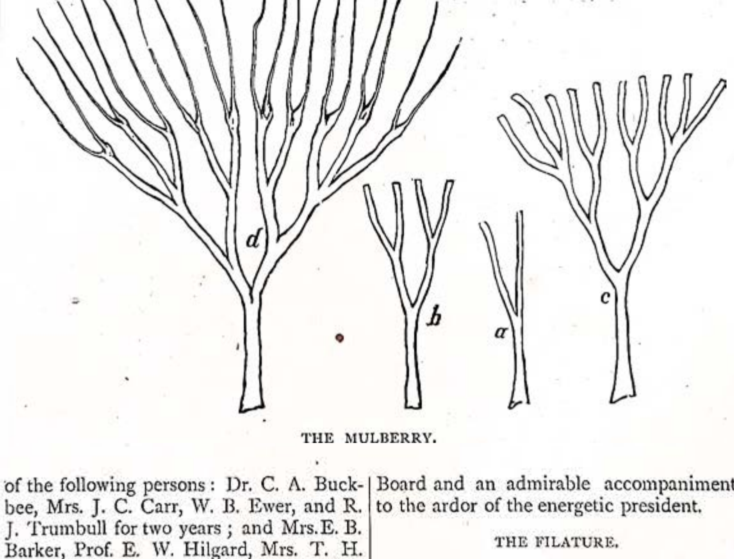
Though possessed of ample means, and surrounded by all the allurements of leisure, Mrs. Washburn was never an idler, but has been found in the forefront of every battle waged for humanity. She has taken special interest in the enlargement of woman's sphere of usefulness, and is a firm believer in the political as well as moral value of the softer sex.

Mrs. Washburn is blest with remarkable vigor of body and mind. She is a lady of advanced and liberal ideas, and one whose mental make-up presents a rare combination of qualities; a combination in which may be seen generosity and discernment, firmness and good nature, affability and will, bound together by a fund of executive and administrative ability seldom found in the same person. Under the management of this estimable lady the California State Board of Silk Culture should become a power for good.

R. H. McDonald Jr., Treasurer of the Board, is a gentleman of means and ability. He is deeply interested in the development of the silk industry. Being a business man, cautious and decisive, his good judgment is of special value to the Board and an admirable accompaniment to the ardor of the energetic president.



REELING MACHINE READY FOR WORK.



THE MULBERRY.

THE FILATURE.

The Board has comfortable and commodious quarters at No. 21 Montgomery avenue, consisting of a neatly appointed office and a large apartment which serves as a store-room and a Filature school.

The school contains the necessary apparatus for reeling and is furnished with steam power. The reeling is performed by means of an improved Lombard Reeling Machine, of which the above is a very accurate engraving.

The Filature now contains thirteen pupils, all of whom are young ladies of intelligence and culture. Miss Lucy Herman is in charge as teacher. Filature pupils serve a term of eight weeks, at the expiration of which time, those who prove competent and worthy, receive a State diploma issued by the Board. There are many applicants for pupilage, and, as an experimental school, the Filature may now be considered a success. It is constantly thronged with visitors from all parts of the State and from abroad.

MANAGEMENT OF THE MULBERRY.

A visit to the cocoonery conducted by Benjamin H. Carter, West Oakland, will repay those who desire to learn something of the growth and management of mulberry trees and silkworms The leaves of the mulberry tree form the food of the worm. Of this tree there are many varieties, of which Mr. Carter regards the *Morus Japonica* and the *Morus Alba* as the best. The mulberry tree was first introduced into the United States between the years 1826 and 1880. It reached California in 1854, and the Japan variety was first planted here in 1869. Trees cultivated by worm-growers are as carefully and tenderly tended as a bed of lettuce or a garden of roses. For the purpose of increasing the size and nutriment of the leaves, as well as facilitating the work of gathering the same, the trees are pruned and dwarfed.

2



SILKWORM, LIFE-SIZE, SPINNING A COCOON.

PRUNING THE MULBERRY.

The time of pruning begins in November. All loose or crooked branches are cleared away. An endeavor is made to train the growth to the form of an umbrella, and during the second, fifth, eighth and twelfth months the trees are richly manured.

At the beginning of January or February the young mulberry tree, a year old, is cut down to a hight of one foot six inches from the ground. During the early part of Summer, when the tree is about three to four feet high, the upper part is cut off to about one foot four inches above the original stem, fig. *a*. The next Spring, the tree having now four sprouts, of which two are allowed to grow on the middle branch, and three on each side branch, and having attained a hight of from five to six feet, fig. *c*, it is again cut down to a distance of one foot three inches from the ground, fig. *b*. The form sought to be attained is shown in fig. *d*.

3



COMPLETED COCOONS—NATURAL SIZE.

The silkworm might well serve as an illustration, if not a proof, of the immortality of earth life. In providing for the continuity of its own existence—the reproduction of itself—it spends its whole life, or series of lives; and having accomplished its mission it dies. It lives to die, and dies to live.

In prosecuting its life-work the silkworm encloses itself in a fibrous shell, called a cocoon; and from the material of which the cocoon is composed, the silk fiber of commerce is derived. It requires from five to twelve strands of the thread spun by the worm to form the finest thread of needlesilk, and cocoons contain from 200 to 1,200 yards of the worm-spun thread.

The life of the silkworm commences as an egg, continues as a worm, and ends as a moth. The egg produces the worm, the worm produces the cocoon, the cocoon produces the moth, and the moth reproduces the egg. Of this wonderful combination of processes, silk is the incidental product.

Freshly gathered mulberry leaves are fed the new hatched worm. For a period varying from thirty-five to forty days the worm is fed from four to eight times daily, at the close of which period it commences to spin its cocoon—a process shown by the illustration.

This labor occupies a period of three days, when the cocoon is fully formed.